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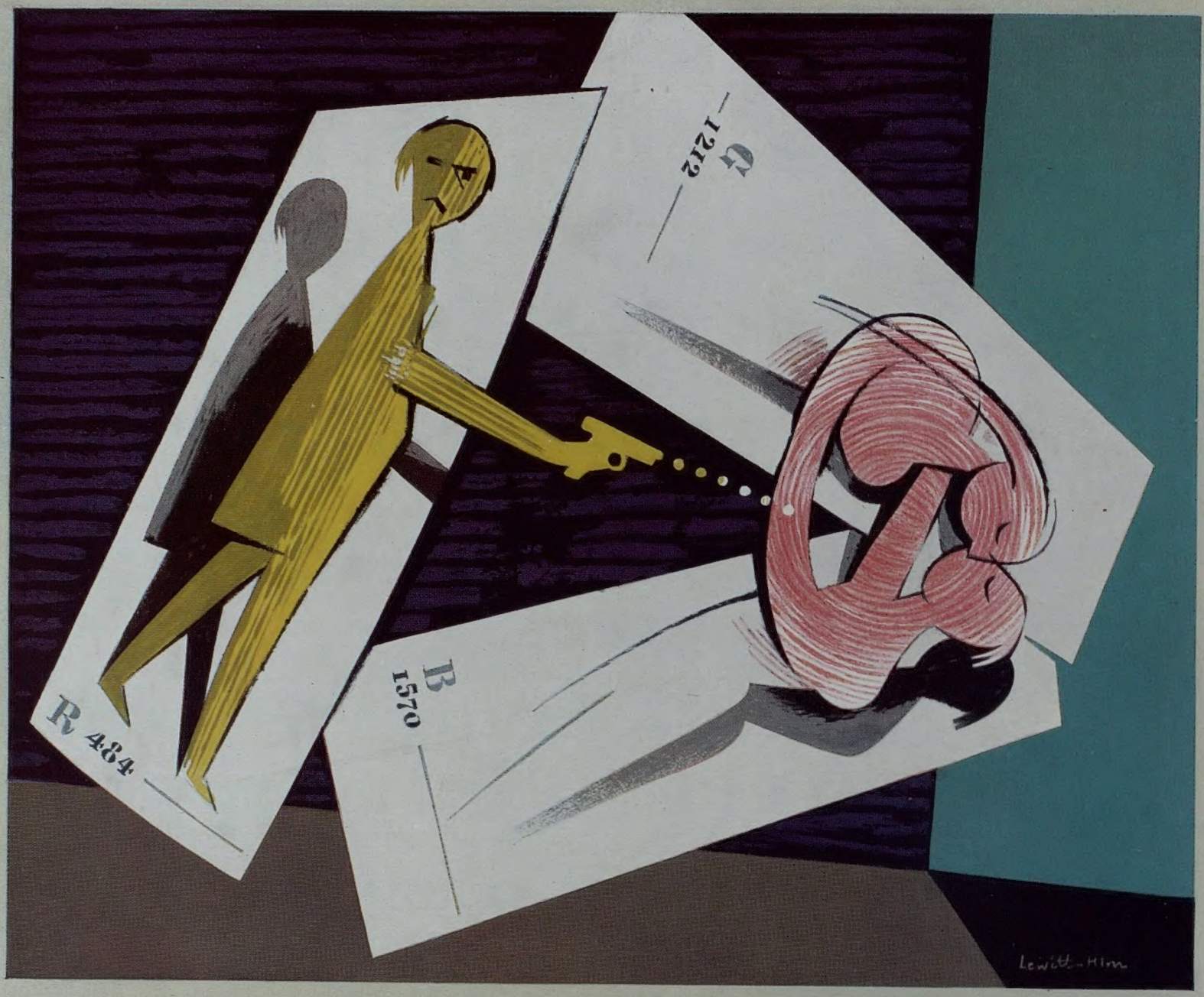

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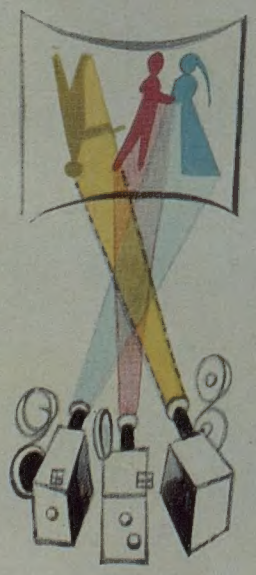

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Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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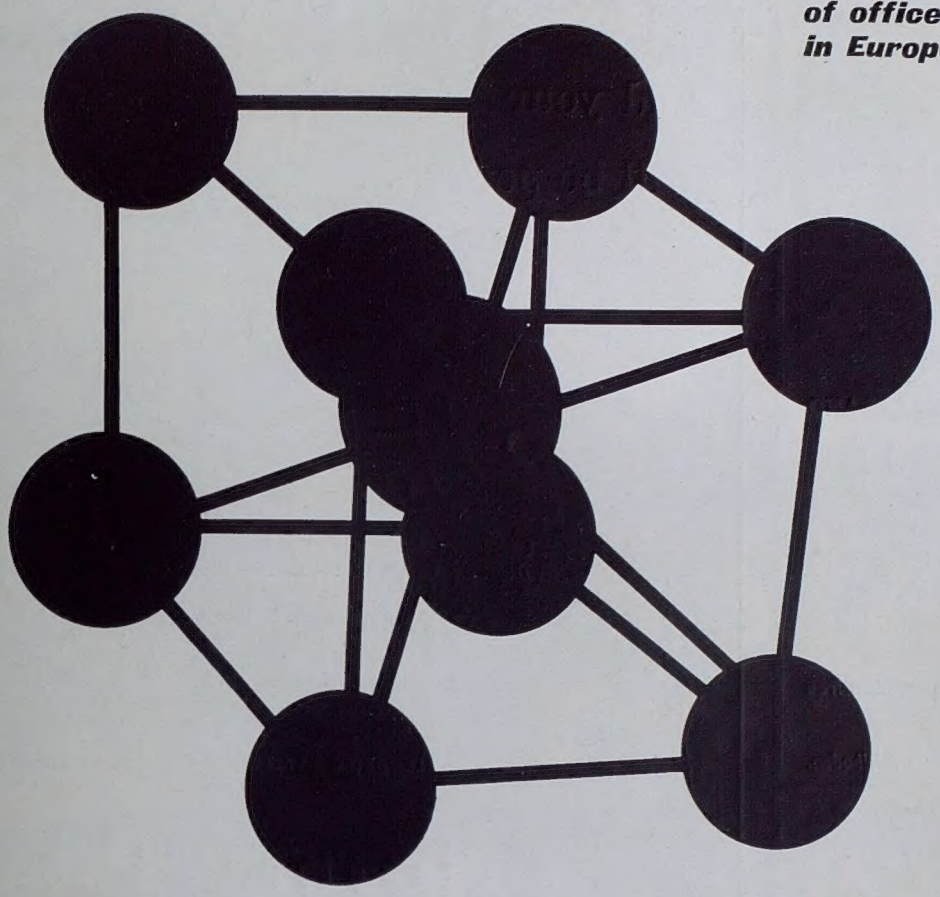

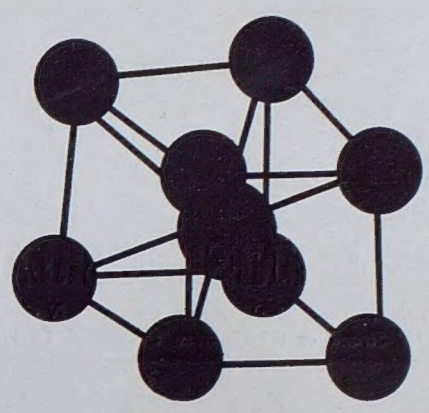

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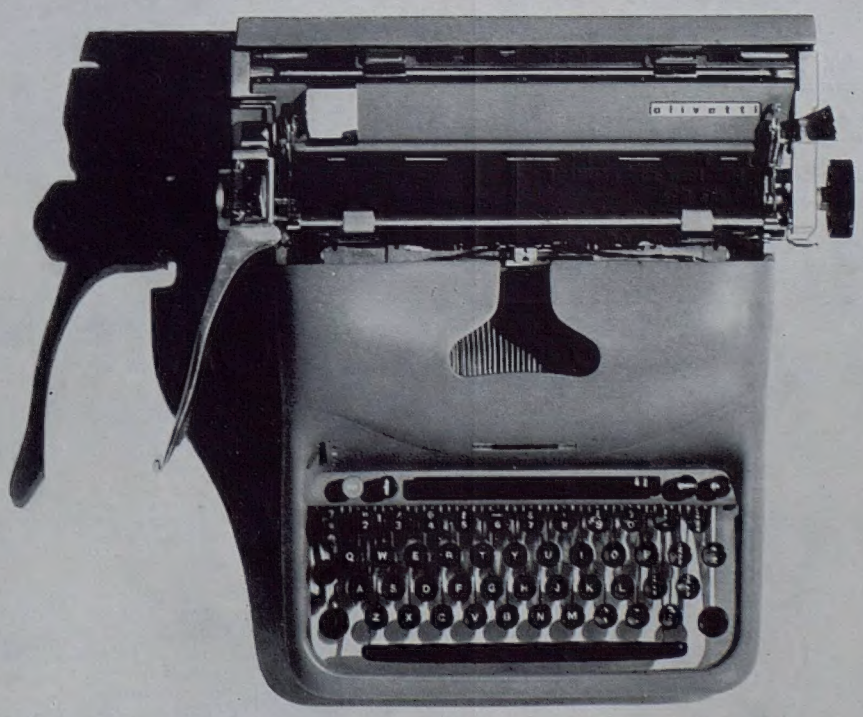

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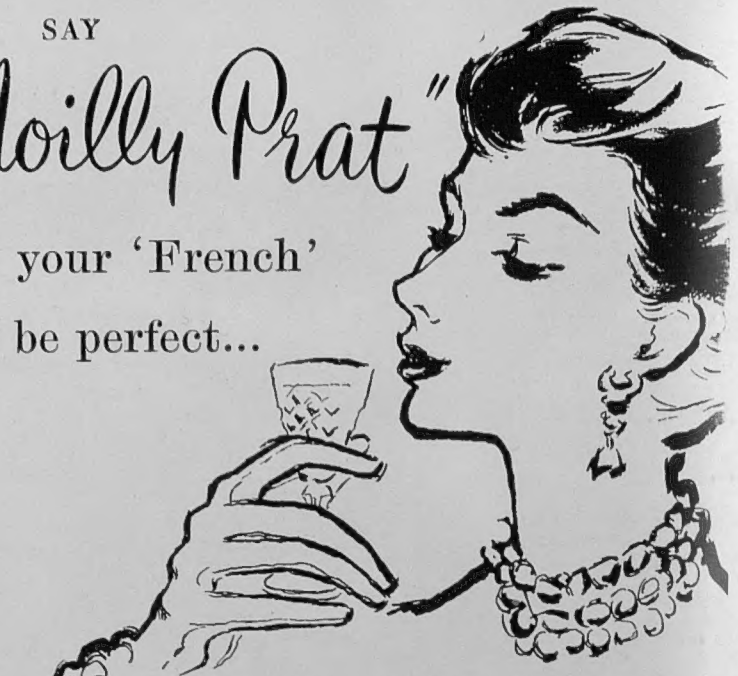

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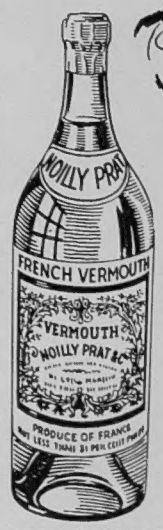

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CHANEL

Volume CCXVII No. 2829 The SPHERE, London, May 1, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF THE KANDYAN CHIEFS—THE COLOURFUL SCENE IN THE AUDIENCE HALL AT THE ANCIENT HILL FORTRESS OF KANDY DURING THE RECEPTION: This was one of the outstanding occasions during the visit to Ceylon. Also seen in the picture are Sir Oliver Goonetilleke (the Governor-General designate), second from left; the Governor-General, Lord Soulbury; Sir Michael Adeane; Lady Pamela Mountbatten, and the Prime Minister, Sir John Kotalawala.

During their eleven-day visit to Ceylon the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made an extensive tour of the island and visited the ancient hill fortress of Kandy, the capital of the last of the Sinhalese kings. There, Her Majesty and her husband were warmly greeted, and during their stay witnessed scenes of magnificent splendour associated with the former dynasty. After the ceremony in the gaily bedecked audience hall of the Kings of Kandy, where the Kandyan chiefs assured Her Majesty of their deep devotion, the Queen and the Duke went on to the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, one of the most venerated of Buddhist shrines, for the inspection of the sacred relic. Following this, they took their places in a specially constructed pavilion for the witnessing of one of the most magnificent Raja Peraheras to be seen since the days of the Kandyan kings. 140 richly-caparisoned elephants took part in the two-mile-long procession, as well as 1,000 dancers and 600 musicians, the proceedings being watched by several thousands of Ceylonese who had flocked into the city for the occasion.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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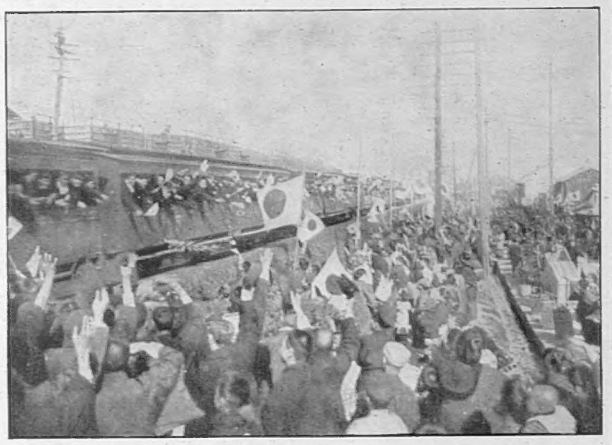
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



AN INCIDENT IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY—JAPANESE TROOPS BOUND FOR KOREA, SEEN PASSING THROUGH KOBE. This picture shows the departure of a troop train for Ujina, a port of embarkation for Korea. The departing soldiers were received everywhere with enthusiasm and there were many shouts of "Teikobu Banzai!"—"Long Live the Empire!" In Korea the civilians at first evacuated their homes at the approach of the Japanese Army, but after a time returned. Reports stated that the troops were extremely careful in their dealings with the Koreans. The first great battle on land between the Japanese and the Russians was fought at Kiuliencheng, on the Yalu River.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE 1954 ROYAL ACADEMY

R. H. Wilenski Reviews this Year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House; with Reproductions of Some of the Notable Paintings

A London Newsletter

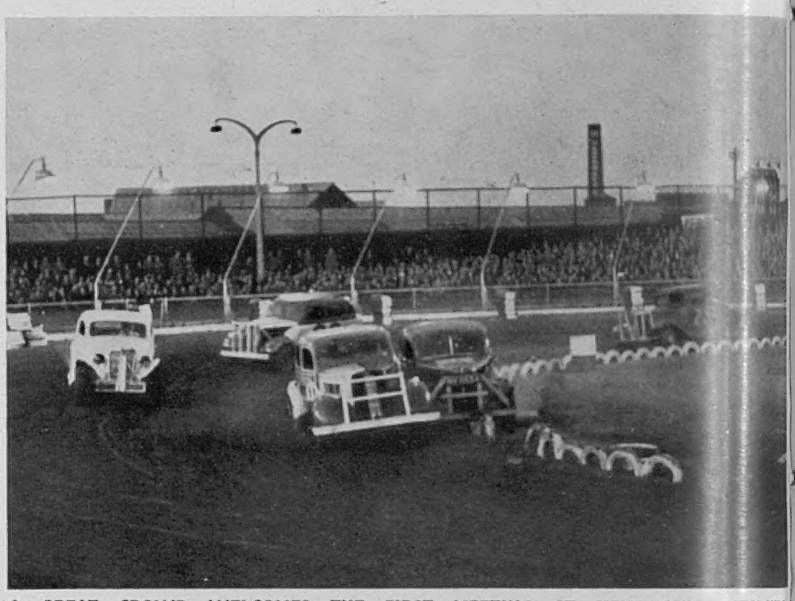
195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Long Crawl.—If at a peak period in holiday time 25,000 cars pass a given point in an hour, it would follow that 400 cars would pass that point every minute. If they were a small section of an endless chain, at what *pace* would they pass that point, having regard to a continuous system of traffic lights? A yard per minute? Of course, it wasn't as bad as that. That would be *reductio ad absurdum.* The cars that left and returned to London this Easter took many routes—the Brighton, the Portsmouth, the Bath roads, and so on. Still, there were times and bottlenecks when it was very near absurdity. Maidenhead or Eton High Street, no doubt, among them, and the Blackpool bottlenecks and the entry into Brighton. And the parking "facilities" at our South Coast watering-places, which offer so odd a welcome to visitors ("No parking," "Move on," "Get out," "Keep out," "No entry"), must have tried the patience of many patrons. But the weather smiled and the sun shone and the sea sparkled, and out of the wind one could imagine that summer had come. And artificial aids to increase the temperature were tempting and irresistible. Some of the implications of nationalisation of land are made clear and vivid on Bank Holidays. All day long the melancholy siren wailed for the fire-fighters as one by one the beauty spots, beloved by townsmen on holiday, went up in smoke and, fanned by the wind, were turned into burnt toast for the rest of summer. The farmer keeps watch, the countryman remains in his own garden for choice during these public holidays. He is wise to do so. It enables him to be early on the scene when picnickers begin to set his private plantation on fire and strew his paths with broken bottles and greasy paper, and if he be quick and lucky, he may rescue some of his rare shrubs before they are torn up by the roots and taken home as souvenirs. When I was younger, the journalists' usual caption on Bank Holidays was *The Open Road. The Long Crawl* better suits conditions to-day, and sub-headings concerning arson and larceny add spice to his word-pictures. But a good time was had by all who enjoy queues and playing with fire and souvenir-hunting.

The Petrov Story.—Small wonder that this Petrov incident made world news. It certainly adds point to the cliché that truth is stranger than fiction, and it must come as an encouragement to Senator McCarthy at a time when his critics are suggesting that he has not always adhered to the truth. Translate the events in Australia into Westminster–Downing Street terms, with the Premier busy at one end of the telephone, and Scotland Yard, the Home Office and the pilot of a B.O.A.C. machine taking their instructions from minute to minute, while a foreign diplomat's wife is travelling back to her own country, half-fainting, shoeless, and prodded in the ribs with the pistols of two "emissaries" of the Embassy staff. It looks a little too much like a comic strip . . . but too true. I had no idea that diplomatic immunity in a civilised country went so far as to allow a foreign Embassy staff to carry loaded firearms and to claim them back as a right, if deprived of them by legal authority to prevent forcible abductions or mass shootings. One almost feels that any revelations which may come of the investigation into the documents supplied by Petrov must be a bathos after this colourful opening chapter to a super-spy yarn. It is surely too good to be true; but, since it is true, it is too true to be good. It is very, very bad.

Paradise Enow?—One of the last "sensations" before the Recess was Mr. Bevan's resignation from the Shadow Cabinet, the Labour Party's Parliamentary Committee. The events of the South-East Asia debate, of course, softened the blow. The decision had been foreseen. If the back benches are the wilderness, Mr. Bevan is in it and may find it Paradise enow. Certainly, it is more a wilderness in Westminster than in the constituencies where Mr. Bevan's followers and fellow-travellers are potent and vocal and legion. I am much to blame when I allow myself a cynical smile if a Member of Parliament makes a gesture of resignation or dissent on the ground that it is no longer possible, *consistent with his public duty,* or his conscience, to support his leaders. This "public duty" to have a conscience and to stand or fall by honest convictions is very sound and ideal. The trouble is that it is not very commonly exercised nowadays, and sometimes, when it is, there have been doubts in cynical minds as to whether public duty or private strategy guided the decision. I should be far from suggesting so cynical a doubt in Mr. Bevan's case. For he is brave, sincere, independent and possessed of an impulsiveness which can sometimes be reckless of career. But there seems little doubt that his decision was an admission of defeat at the hands of Mr. Attlee. He believed he could be his leader's master in Shadow (Cabinet) boxing. But he received the K.O. himself. And now he must campaign in the wilderness and organise the scattered but fierce Bedouin tribes and rally them to his banner. It may make party politics more interesting in the coming year, but I don't feel I shall wobble over to vote Labour at the next election. That would be "splitting one's vote" with a vengeance. The puzzle of Mr. Bevan's action remains with me. He is more than a student, he is an expert in politics, party politics and foreign affairs, and he must be aware at last how important are loyalty and discipline to the Labour Party to-day. To throw away any claim he might still have to party loyalty might be justified if he made the sacrifice for a cause which would sweep the country. But the country is not yet awake to South-East Asia dangers. It *has* been stabbed broad-awake to the H-bomb menace. If Mr. Bevan could have nailed his colours to a crusade for outlawing the H-bomb, any disloyalty would have been forgotten or justified by the popular cause he elected to lead as a "public duty."

STOCK CAR RACING COMES TO BRITAIN



A GREAT CROWD WELCOMES THE FIRST MEETING AT NEW CROSS STADIUM, LONDON: Five of the reinforced "old crocks" seen racing during one of the heats watched by 26,000 spectators; many other would-be patrons were turned away. There were thrills by the score and it was evident that the venture was popular with the crowd. The winner of the evening a French horseman, had to drive in reverse for half a lap after a collision.

A Long Spoon.—I am sure that the great heart of America is a splendid ticker, sound and dependable. All you read about it in headlines, all you see of its movements on the screen, is not 100 per cent. accurate or just. It has been often called generous, sane, decent and justice-loving, and so I am sure it is. But in Big Business those Americans are pretty smart Alicks and need little coaching in the satisfactory conclusion of business deals. Many a sound and successful British financier finds himself a lamb on Wall Street, and many a business man from London has returned from New York a sadder and perhaps a wiser man, but certainly not a wealthier. And so it is, I think, that long spoons have been, and will be, needed by the representatives of British oil interests in Persia when they sit round a table with the Americans. The Dutch have been known in the past as traders who offer too little and ask too much. The French are a hard-headed and logical lot in business. But I fancy we should hand it to the Americans in an international oil deal. On paper all the trumps were in our British hand, a hundred aces, a full house. All the rest must bluff on a bust straight. But I shall be surprised, indeed, if at the end of the game we lift 40 per cent. of the pool. The longest spoon, most deftly applied, won't pull us out a much higher percentage from the hash. We shall leave the lion's share of our labour and investment in Persia in other hands. And, once more to change the metaphor, before the cake is finally cut up, if the Persians have not forgotten the art of bargaining, of which Mossadek was a master, the British slice will be cut from one of very moderate size, lacking plums and sugar coating.

Mau Mau Wastage.—The Kikuyu are a large tribe, but when you whittle their numbers down to those who are active adults capable of bearing arms, and again whittle that group down to those who have taken the Mau Mau oaths and are engaged or prepared to engage in murder, the number is much reduced. Still, it remains formidable, and it is only at first sight that the statistics of Mau Mau terrorists slain by security forces suggests a wastage which no enemy can long endure. We are used of late to read of killings by security forces averaging at least fifty a week.

That would represent 2,500 in a year, a wastage constantly repaired by new recruits reaching the age of murder. I suppose the Mau Mau do not suffer very much wastage from road-killing by motor cars. I wonder whether their present wastage in warfare is greater or less proportionately than the road death wastage in America or England. Our own efforts on the roads are grim enough, but over decades have not apparently affected the problems of over-population in our crowded little island. We continue to increase. All of which suggests that the Mau Mau problem will not be cured by battle wastage of personnel even on the present scale, though even ruthless barbarians might come to reflect on the futility of continuing a struggle against an enemy equipped with modern weapons giving them the means of taking a weekly toll of forty or fifty casualties to one or two.

The Price of Coal.—The latest of our regular increases in the price of coal is stiff. Nor need we expect it to be the limit. The decision to raise the price again takes no note of the increase in wages lately awarded. It merely hopes to reduce the annual deficit of £17,000,000. The miners must "work off" their increases, if they will, by increasing output by 2½ per cent. Perhaps they will, perhaps not. *The Times* doubted whether the increased prices are not too "moderate," but are satisfied that the Coal Board are moving in the right direction! For my part, I see a parallel between the mining industry and those old West End clubs which still exist in Italianate palaces in Pall Mall. They are both staving off inevitable extinction, not re-establishing themselves on a firm basis in a modern world. I look back on the history of coal-mining and domestic consumption over thirty years as a householder. I find I now pay much the same annually for coal as I did thirty years ago, but I burn and buy only one-quarter as much. Gone is the central heating (14 tons a year), gone the coal-burning grates. In their place are wood fires, five wood-burning stoves, some itinerant gas appliances, some paraffin radiators, and at last some electric radiators. From direct coal products I burn less than 5 tons a year against 20. I realise that my gas and electric stoves may derive their heat from coal, but that fact seems to me the more surely to spell the doom of coal-mining. For if one poor householder can devise expedients to escape buying coal at gold-dust prices, surely great commercial organisations, with their research laboratories, can, and will, discover alternative means of turning the wheels of industry without being "held up" by a highwayman monopoly, gasping for survival as the vicious circle contracts round its throat.

The Travellers' Club Library.—"Peterborough," of the *Daily Telegraph*, that urbane, argus-eyed and many-fingered columnist, is very well up in the doings and thoughts of Clubland, and the Travellers' Club in particular supplies him with interesting items. He reproduced the other day a section of the Arcadian frieze discovered in 1812 and brought home to the British Museum. A copy of it surrounds, above the bookcases, the famous library in the Travellers' which Barry designed to contain it. "Peterborough" rightly describes the frieze as representing the subjugation of the Amazons, and in his sprightly manner remarks that that is a fit subject for a club which has been among the more rigid in warning off feminine invasion. But that invasion none the less occurred and persists. Infiltration resulted from economic pressure, and ladies may sometimes be seen in the Library congratulating themselves that what the Athenians resisted, the modern English clubmen succumbed to. I think, too, Barry would shudder at the present heavy colouring of the background of this frieze. For he designed the room as a library, and in a library the book-covers are an important feature of the wall colour-scheme. To-day the books look like faded Law reports in the dustiest of Temple Chambers. The heavy chocolate-brick background of the frieze knocks their gleams and tones for six. The books look too dingy and dry-as-dust even to take out of their shelves.

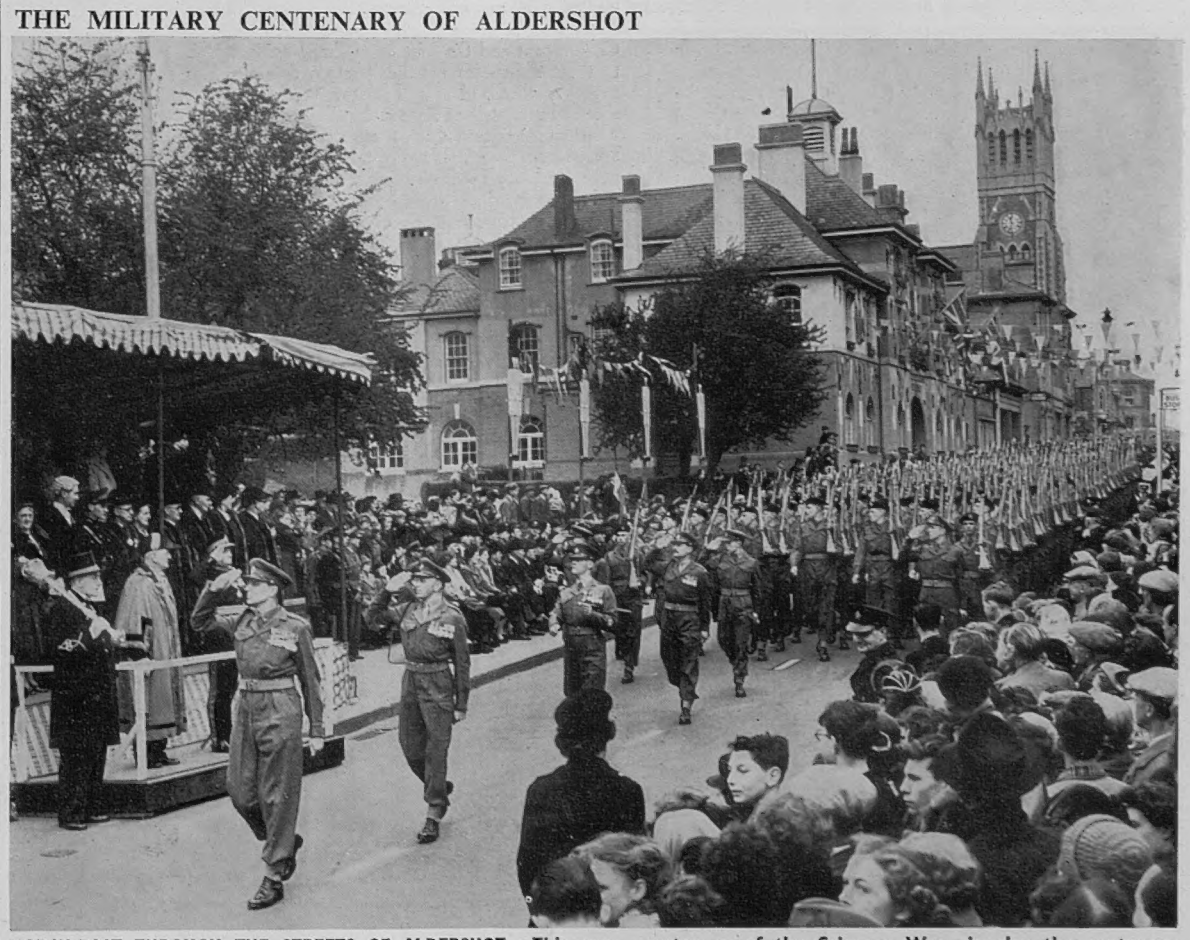
Cricket Booming—In Berlin.—I am one of those know-alls of the Press who is the eternal victim of surprise, but I am weak enough to enjoy acknowledging my ignorance. The other day I expressed my delight after reading that General Oliver had presented a trophy to the Berlin Cricket League, which comprised sixteen regular teams. I imagined that at long last the British had found the specific for purging Nazism and Prussianism for ever from that aggressive element in Europe, and I hoped we should "introduce it into China" and Russia. Soon afterwards I learned that cricket has been played keenly in Berlin *for half-a-century*. It was introduced there by English students and Foreign Office aspirants in the days of Edward Peacemaker. And when World War I broke out, Berlin had fourteen active clubs. They survived that war and played regularly between wars. But Hitler hit them for six and only five old caps remained alive from all those clubs when Hitler knocked his own wicket down and our bombers had done body-lining them. In the last decades our occupation troops, finding the game not quite dead, have consistently watered the wicket, and now eighteen clubs are active again and the Berlin *Schlager* has Hutton as his hero and model, the *Ballmann* Bedser and the *Torhalter* Evans. But the Berlin cricketers don't yet draw Oval gates and the masses do not even now talk in cricket jargon, or think that way. "Playing cricket" in international politics is still an unattained ideal, but cricket is a slow game, and you can't expect miracles in a mere half-century.

THE OLD STAGER

KATE KENNEDY'S DAY AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

THE POPULAR ANNUAL PAGEANT IN THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY TOWN: Kate Kennedy's carriage seen passing the ruins of historic St. Andrews Castle during the procession through the town. Townspeople and holiday-makers congregated along the route and great interest was taken in the costumes of the participants. Several halts were made during the procession—namely, at University House, the Town Hall (for a civic reception by the Provost), and St. Mary's College, where Kate was received by the Very Rev. Principal G. S. Duncan and Mrs. Duncan. The Kate Kennedy tradition at St. Andrews dates back to the fifteenth century, when James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, was a power both as a churchman and a politician. The procession takes a familiar form from year to year, and leading it is a student depicting St. Andrew bearing his saltire cross.

THE MILITARY CENTENARY OF ALDERSHOT



MARCH-PAST THROUGH THE STREETS OF ALDERSHOT: This year, centenary of the Crimean War, is also the centenary of the foundation of Aldershot as a military centre. Here a detachment of Royal Engineers, part of 3,500 troops who marched through the principal streets of the town, are seen passing the saluting-base, where Major-General A. D. Campbell, G.O.C. Aldershot District, is taking the salute. The purchase of large tracts of Aldershot Heath was initiated by Lord Hardinge, C.-in-C. during the Crimean War. The Army at that time had no training-ground where large bodies of troops could be given practical training in the field. So the War Office bought up the Heath for £12 an acre in 1854, and the next year began to build a hutted camp on the outskirts of the village.

THE CONFERENCE IN GENEVA

Before the Beginning of the Talks on Kore and Indo-China Between East and Wes

THE SCENE OF THE CONFERENCE : The big Council Chamber in Geneva where the conference on Far Eastern problems is being held. The hall is in the Palais des Nations which houses the European offices of the United Nations, and meetings of the subsidiary United Nations organisations usually are held there.

The Geneva Conference began inauspiciously. What was intended to be a conference to effect a permanent settlement in Korea and discuss a possible truce in Indo-China became a meeting at which the delegates were almost exclusively concerned with the changing situation in Viet Nam. Casting their considerable shadows over the Swiss conference town were the gravity of the news from Dien Bien Phu; Mr. Eden's dramatic flying visit to London after his conversations with Mr. Dulles and M. Bidault; and the breakdown of negotiations in Paris between the French Government and the Viet Nam Emperor, Bao Dai. Added to these difficulties for the Western delegates was the insistent demand of Mr. Molotov that Communist China should be treated as an equal with the other four Powers. This was a demand that appeared unacceptable to the Western Ministers. None of the delegates at the conference were therefore in a very hopeful frame of mind on their arrival in Geneva. It was, however, realised by them all that this conference might be of greater significance than any international meeting held since the war.

MR. DULLES ARRIVES IN A DETERMINED MOOD : The American Secretary of State making a short statement on his arrival a Geneva from Paris in a United States Army Constellation

A LARGE CROWD GREETS MR. MOLOTOV : The Soviet Foreign Minister, with a considerable following, walking away from the Soviet Dakota LI 2 at Geneva Airport. On his right is the Swiss Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and immediately behind Mr. Molotov, in a dark coat, is Mr. Gromyko, the Deputy Foreign Minister.

A MEETING IN PARIS : Mr. John Foster Dulles being greeted by M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister. The three Western Foreign Ministers first met in Paris.

MR. EDEN IN PARIS : The British Foreign Secretary at the meeting of the North Atlantic Council in the Palais de Chaillot shortly before the Geneva Conference. Behind Mr. Anthony Eden is Mr. C. A. E. Shuckburgh, his principal private secretary. After talks with Mr. Dulles and M. Bidault, Mr. Eden made a dramatic return to London to confer with the Prime Minister. Sir Winston Churchill called a meeting of Ministers on Sunday morning. Chiefs of the three Services attended this meeting.

A LAUGHING MATTER FOR THE COMMUNISTS ? From left, General Nam Il, the North Korean Foreign Minister ; Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, and Chang Wen-tien, the Chinese Ambassador in Moscow and a member of the Chinese delegation. They are seen at Geneva Airport while awaiting the arrival of Mr. Molotov.

On right—
THE AUSTRALIAN DELEGATE ARRIVES : Mr. R. G. Casey (left), the Australian Minister for External Affairs, with Herr Alfred Zehnder, the Swiss Secretary-General for Foreign Affairs. The Foreign Ministers of Canada and New Zealand, whose troops participated in the Korean war, were there too.

FROM SOUTH KOREA : Pyun Yung Tai, the South Korean Foreign Minister, on his arrival at Geneva. One of the purposes of the Geneva Conference was to seek a permanent settlement for Korea after the armistice there. Despite threats that the Republic of Korea would boycott the conference, President Syngman Rhee sent his Foreign Minister to Geneva in accordance with the Four-Power invitation.

On left—
FROM NORTH KOREA : General Nam Il, the Foreign Minister, with Herr Zehnder. Nam Il was the chief Communist negotiator in the Korean truce talks held at Panmunjom last year.

On right—
THE MAN WHO RULES THE COMMUNISTS AT GENEVA : Mr. Molotov on his arrival, with Herr Zehnder. One of the first demands made by the Soviet Foreign Minister was that Communist China should be able to attend the conference on an equal footing with the Western Powers. This demand was refused by the Western Ministers.

The Foreign News in Pictures

COLONEL NASSER TAKES COMMAND

And an Account of other Recent Events Throughout the World

GIVING AWAY EX-KING FAROUK'S LAND : Colonel Abdel Nasser, now once again Prime Minister of Egypt, acknowledging the cheers of inhabitants of the Faroukia province who crowded round his small car. With him was Major Salah Salem, the Minister of National Guidance. They were distributing the estate of ex-King Farouk among small farmers, a novel gesture on the part of the Revolutionary Council.

HANDING OVER THE TITLE DEEDS : Colonel Nasser, with Major Salem at his right, at a ceremony on ex-King Farouk's estate. Colonel Nasser's government is attaching increased importance to the problems of land and of social welfare.

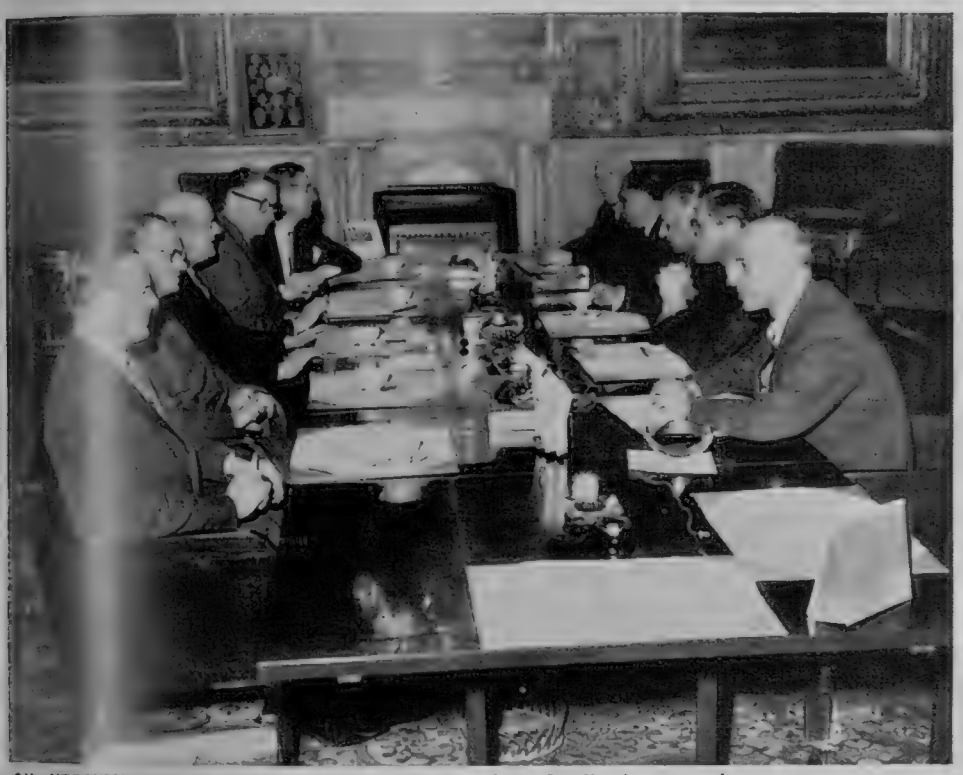
THE NEW CABINET MEETS, WITH COLONEL NASSER AT THE HEAD : *On left*—Colonel Nasser's first Cabinet meeting after he had taken over the office of Prime Minister from General Neguib. *On right*—The Egyptian President with his Ministers. In the front row, from left, are Lieut.-Colonel Hussein Shafei, Commanding Officer of the Cavalry Corps, who has become Minister of War; Sheikh Hassan el Bakoury; Ahmed Husny; Colonel Nasser; General Neguib; Major Kamal el Din Hussein, and Lieut.-Colonel Zakaria Mohieddin.

When Colonel Abdel Nasser once again assumed the office of Prime Minister it seemed that the fluctuations in Egyptian politics might at last have come to an end. It was stated that General Neguib, who has been ill for some weeks, had been expressing a desire to confine himself to the duties of President of the Republic, and that for reasons of health he wished to yield the office of Prime Minister to Colonel Nasser. Whether the change is due to the General's health or to the political forces against him, the fact remains that Colonel Nasser's assumption of command in Egypt is a victory for him and the young members of the Revolutionary Council. By exercising restraint and diplomacy, Colonel Nasser has succeeded where he failed in his dramatic coup in February. The demands he made then, that General Neguib's influence in the Revolutionary Council should be limited and that Colonel Nasser should become its head, have now been met. The new Prime Minister has appointed experts and politicians rather than soldiers to most of the Cabinet posts.

THE SAD LITTLE WORLD OF SIGNOR GUARESCHI : Giovannino Guareschi, editor of the Monarchist weekly, *Candido*, with his lawyer during the libel suit in Milan, at the end of which he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. *On right*—Signor Alcide de Gasperi, the former Italian Prime Minister, leaving the court amid the great crowds at the end of the first session of the action. Signor de Gasperi sued Guareschi for libel after the publication of photographic copies of letters allegedly written by Signor de Gasperi during the war, asking the Allies to bomb Rome. Guareschi, who is the author of the popular *Don Camillo* stories, was also fined. Damages of one lira were awarded. Lieut.-Colonel A. Bonham-Carter, a British officer to whom one of the letters was alleged to have been addressed, denied ever having been in contact with Signor de Gasperi at the time. Viscount Alexander sent a letter to the court containing a similar statement. Guareschi's defence was limited to the evidence of handwriting experts that the signatures of Signor de Gasperi on the documents were genuine.

THE CHEERFUL GENERALISSIMO: General Chiang Kai-shek with a contented look on his face as he watched 6,000 Chinese Nationalist marines taking part in a practice amphibious landing at Kaohsiung, in Southern Formosa. Behind the Nationalist leader stands Major-General Lewis B. ("Chesty") Puller, the tough American General who commanded the United States Marines during the early part of the Korean War. General Chiang Kai-shek was mildly shocked a few weeks ago when a candidate opposing him for the Presidency of the Chinese Nationalist Government polled an exorbitant number of votes. It is believed that the Generalissimo's preferment of one of his sons is causing uneasiness among Nationalist leaders.

A GIANT DRY-DOCK FOR AMSTERDAM: An aerial view of the site of a new giant dry-dock. It is being built in Amsterdam for the Dutch Dock and Shipbuilding Company. The dock is being built to accommodate vessels up to 50,000 tons. 160 men are working day and night on the construction, which is expected to be ready for use in 1955.



OIL NEGOTIATIONS IN TEHERAN: At the first session of talks between the representatives of the international oil consortium and Persian negotiators. On the left-hand side of the table are Mr. Peter Kirby, secretary of the consortium; Mr. Kenneth Lepage, interpreter; Mr. H. E. Snow, of Anglo-Iranian Oil; Mr. Orville Harden, of Standard Oil of New Jersey; and Mr. J. Loudon, of Royal Dutch Shell. The Persian representatives on the right are Mr. Qum Fazlollah Nafisi, head of the Iranian Oil Company; Mr. Fouad Rowhani, legal adviser; Mr. Noori Esfandiari, a Government expert; Dr. Ali Amini, the Finance Minister; and Mr. Mortagholi Bayat, general manager of the Iranian Oil Company. The aim of the representatives of the consortium is to negotiate terms with the Persian Government, on the basis of which work in the oilfields and at the refinery at Abadan can again be resumed.

INDONESIA'S FIRST AMBASSADOR IN MOSCOW: Dr. Subandrio shaking hands with the President of the Supreme Soviet, Mr. K. E. Voroshilov, after he had presented his letters of credence in the Kremlin. Dr. Subandrio is the first to hold the post of Indonesian Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He was formerly his country's first Ambassador in London.

VIET NAM OFFICERS PLEDGE THEIR LOYALTY TO THE EMPEROR: Emperor Bao Dai, accompanied by General Nguyen Van Hinh, the Chief of Staff, inspecting Viet Nam troops at a ceremony in Hanoi. The Emperor received oaths of fidelity from 600 officers of the Viet Nam National Army. The words of the oath were: "In the name of all the Service men of the National Army we take an oath to fight to the death to defend the fatherland and protect the Viet Nam people against Communist slavery, to remain faithful to His Majesty Bao Dai, and to serve him without fail in the struggle for the complete independence of Viet Nam."

A "THERMOS-FLASK" BARGE FULL OF SULPHUR: An insulated tank barge containing 150,000 gallons of molten sulphur being towed along the Mississippi River from Garden Island Bay to Fort Sulphur, Louisiana. An area of muddy flats, innumerable bayous and shallow lakes provide one of the richest sources of sulphur in the Western Hemisphere. When the valuable mineral, one of America's most important products, has been brought up from deep deposits by the use of super-heated water, it is transported to the storage areas in these Thermos barges. At Port Sulphur the molten mineral is sprayed into huge vats to allow it to cool and solidify.

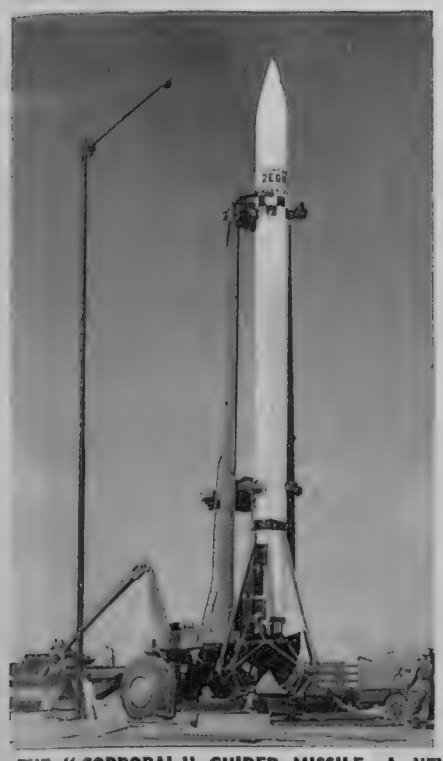
Fun and Games at Malta

Prince Charles and Princess Anne Go Ashore During their Six-day Stay at Valletta, and are Entertained by Lord and Lady Mountbatten

PRINCE CHARLES HAS A GRAND ROMP OVER THE ROCKS WITH HIS GREAT-UNCLE, EARL MOUNTBATTEN, C.-IN-C., MEDITERRANEAN : The three pictures on this page were taken at Peter's Pool, on the south coast of Malta, when Lord and Lady Mountbatten accompanied the Royal children on a picnic. Prince Charles and Princess Anne were driven to the pool by their great-uncle and spent some time paddling and playing. It was the first time the children had landed at Malta and they were given a warm welcome by the assembled crowd, many of whom had one day earlier watched the *Britannia* steam into Grand Harbour for a week's stay before going on to Tobruk. The two children also made other trips ashore as well as cruising round the harbour and paying a call to the aircraft carrier *Eagle*. Other pictures of the Royal children taken before their departure from England in the *Britannia* will be found on page 185.

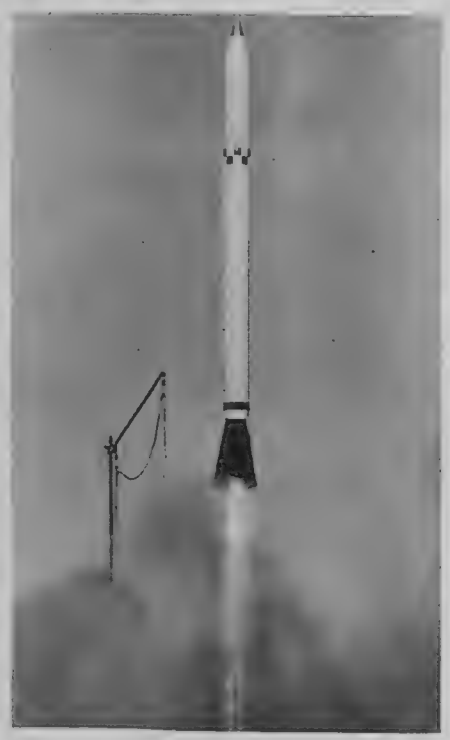
ROCKET DEVELOPMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

A GUIDED MISSILE AND A FREE-FLIGHT ARTILLERY ROCKET WHICH ARE NOW BEING DELIVERED TO AMERICAN ARMED FORCES



THE "CORPORAL" GUIDED MISSILE—A NEW ROCKET DESIGNED FOR USE BY THE UNITED STATES ARMED SERVICES: The picture *on the left* shows the missile just after it has been raised to the vertical launching position from its transporter. *On right*—The erector, once the rocket is in its firing position, is slowly taken away.

DAWN ON THE WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUNDS, NEW MEXICO: A "Corporal" rocket-driven guided missile is seen on its launching platform, while a member of the team of experts inspects the warhead compartment.



THE FINAL ADJUSTMENTS AND THE MOMENT OF TAKE-OFF: *On left*—A group of technicians are seen checking the rocket outlet and making the final adjustments to the launching platform. *On the right*, the "Corporal" is seen at just over 30 ft. above the ground a few moments after take-off. The rocket rises slowly at first, but then gathers speed rapidly, reaching speeds of over 2,000 m.p.h.

The "Corporal" guided missile is the latest in a long line of rockets that have been developed and tested at the White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico since the end of the war. American scientists who have worked on these rockets (previous models have borne the names "Private," "Private First Class" and "W.A.C. Corporal") have been aided to no small extent by the knowledge supplied by German scientists who had worked on the Nazi V-2 research programme. This latest guided missile, which is being produced by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company and Gilfillan Brothers Incorporated, will give field commanders a greater amount of fire-power, capable of striking over longer ranges than anything known previously, including the "Honest John" (details of which appear below). The speed of the missile, which follows a normal ballistic trajectory after the first part of its flight, is said to be several times that of sound, and is probably over 2,000 m.p.h., and its value is augmented by the fact that weather conditions will have no effect on its use. It can be transported easily, in a horizontal position on a special carrier, and at the firing point a hydraulic erector places it in the firing position in a very short time. The take-off is made vertically, and then, at a touch of the controls on the ground, it is tilted to the angle necessary to enable it to hit a pre-ordained target.

ANOTHER ROCKET-PROPELLED MISSILE DEVELOPED IN THE UNITED STATES: The free-flight rocket shown here is known as "Honest John," and is on its mobile launching platform.

AN "HONEST JOHN" TAKING OFF FROM A SPECIAL TEST LAUNCHING PLATFORM: This rocket is not controlled from the ground after launching, but is "aimed" beforehand. It will be used to provide close fire support in ground combat operations and can carry either atomic or H.E. warheads.

Although it does not have such a high speed or long range as the "Corporal" guided missile, the "Honest John" free-flight rocket will play an important part in military tactics. Because it has no electronic devices necessary to control it in flight, as has the "Corporal," it is comparatively simple to fire and no special training is required for the men who will use it. The "Honest John" can be easily carried on a special transporter, which is also used as a launching platform. Once on the gun site, the rocket is aimed in much the same way as a normal heavy artillery gun. The range is about the same as that of a conventional heavy artillery gun, but because it does not have to "dig in," it is more mobile.

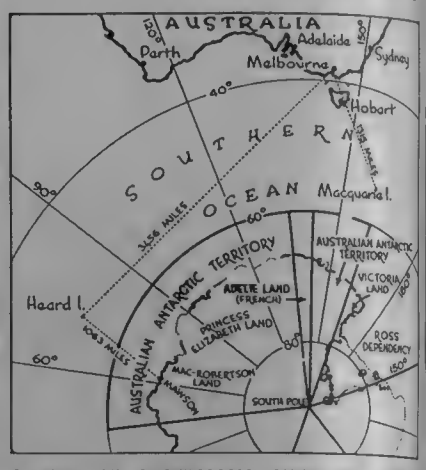
All the major parts of the rocket are manufactured at a factory, but the final assembly is not made until it is required for use, and this task usually takes place at a point near the firing site, and takes only a short time. Because of its great simplicity of manufacture, the "Honest John" was developed in a very short time. Only in 1950 were specifications for such a weapon laid down, and the Douglas Aircraft Corporation soon submitted proposals based on these. In just over a year, prototypes were tested at the White Sands Proving Ground, and these justified the production of further models. United States Army Ordnance has now given a contract for numbers of the weapons to be made, and the first of these are already in the hands of the Army.

Both the "Honest John" and the "Corporal" rockets were used recently in large-scale Army manœuvres in America.

MAWSON: AUSTRALIA'S BASE IN THE ANTARCTIC

Ten Men are now Established in the Camp, the Nearest Human Habitation to the South Pole

MAWSON—AUSTRALIA'S RESEARCH BASE IN THE ANTARCTIC: In this rocky bay Australia has established her first permanent research station on the Antarctic continent. Here, a ten-man team will spend a year collecting geological, meteorological and other useful scientific data.



A MAP OF AUSTRALIA'S ANTARCTIC TERRITORIES: Mawson lies nearly on the 60 degs. E. line of longitude and is the most southerly permanent base yet established. Australia's Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, recently stressed the need to keep control of this area so close to Australia's back door.

THE WELL-DRESSED EXPLORER: The rig worn above is typical of the clothing that the ten men of the research station have to wear in order to carry out their work in sub-zero temperatures.

THE "KISTA DAN" RETURNS TO MELBOURNE: This 1,000-ton Danish ship, specially equipped for breaking its way through pack-ice, was chartered to take the expedition to the Far South and to relieve the men of the other base on Heard Island. The *Kista Dan* replaced the *Wyatt Earp*, the famous old polar exploration ship which failed to get through the pack-ice in the 1952 attempt to establish an Antarctic base. This expedition took a year to plan.

The *Kista Dan*, the 1,000-ton Danish vessel which was chartered to take the Australian Antarctic expedition to the Far South, returned to Melbourne recently with its mission successfully completed. Now there are ten men on the station who will spend a year there carrying out geological surveys, meteorological and biological studies, and geophysical research.

The establishing of the base was the culmination of a year of preparation. The *Kista Dan* had to be chartered from Denmark to replace the famous old polar exploration ship, the *Wyatt Earp*, in which an attempt was made to reach the Antarctic continent in 1952. The *Wyatt Earp*, however, failed to break its way through the 3-ft.-thick pack-ice. The *Kista Dan*, specially designed for ploughing through heavy ice, has its bridge controls duplicated in the crow's-nest; this overcame the greatest difficulty of polar navigation—finding a passage through the ice. The ice-packs can shift so rapidly that to be able to make quick decisions on an alteration of course is a great advantage.

The expedition, which was led by Mr. Phillip Law, Director of the Australian National Antarctic Research Institute, is one of the most elaborately-equipped that the Australians have sent out there. Among the equipment is a number of ski-mounted caravans that will be used as sleeping accommodation during the long journeys over the polar ice cap. These will be drawn by "Weasels," half-track vehicles similar to those used by the Army in the desert; they have been successfully tested in Arctic Canada and Lapland. One strange precaution that six members took before leaving for the south: they had their appendixes removed.

One of their main objects is a geological survey of what are thought to be potentially valuable mineral-bearing areas. Geologists believe that certain parts of Australia's Antarctic territories bear close geological resemblances to the Dominion's mainland between Broken Hill and Adelaide. If this is so, the area should be rich in uranium deposits, lead, silver, zinc, gold and other valuable raw materials. Other tasks will include cosmic and radio researches and marine biological work. A weather station is also planned.

The site of the station is a horseshoe-shaped area of rock on the continental ice-shelf near the Masson range of mountains. This range runs inland, roughly at right-angles to the coast, which consists mostly of sheer ice cliffs over 50 ft. high. The temperature there on the expedition's arrival—it was late summer—was between 10 and 20 degrees below zero.

The base has been called Mawson after the famed Antarctic explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson. He first went to the Antarctic with Shackleton's 1908 expedition. Later he himself led expeditions there in 1911-14 and 1929-31.

The importance to Australians of this expedition has been pointed out by their Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey. He said: "It is important that this area lying so close to Australia's back door should remain under our control." He also reminded Australians that in the Northern Hemisphere civil air services were already operating across polar regions, and that it might not be long before aircraft would be flying across the Antarctic to other countries in the Southern Hemisphere.

PREPARING FOR AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE : While the *Kista Dan* ploughed her way through 20 miles of 3-ft.-thick ice to reach the Antarctic mainland, aerial surveys were made whenever possible. Here R.A.A.F. sergeants, Ken Duffel and Frank Morgan, are refuelling their Auster 200 before setting out on a photographic reconnaissance. Originally, they had two 'planes for this work but both were badly damaged during a hurricane. One was eventually made serviceable but it was smashed during a later storm. In this part of the world gales of up to 200 miles per hour are sometimes encountered.

FOOD FOR THE HUSKIES : Crew members of the *Kista Dan* help men of the expedition to haul in freshly-killed seals to feed the huskies. Pressure by the ice-sheet, 3 ft. thick, on either side of a crack threw up the long mound of ice leading to the *Kista Dan*. Part of the expedition's task will be to search for uranium and other valuable minerals.

THE BLEAK TERRAIN OF ANTARCTICA : An aerial view of the wintry wastes surrounding Australia's new base at Mawson. The photograph was taken from the Auster aircraft, manned by an R.A.A.F. crew, later wrecked in a storm.

GEOLOGIST AT WORK : Jim Brooks, geophysicist of the 1953 Heard Island party, joined the *Kista Dan* on its way south to establish the base at Mawson. From this tent, which sheltered his equipment, he made some observations near the new station.

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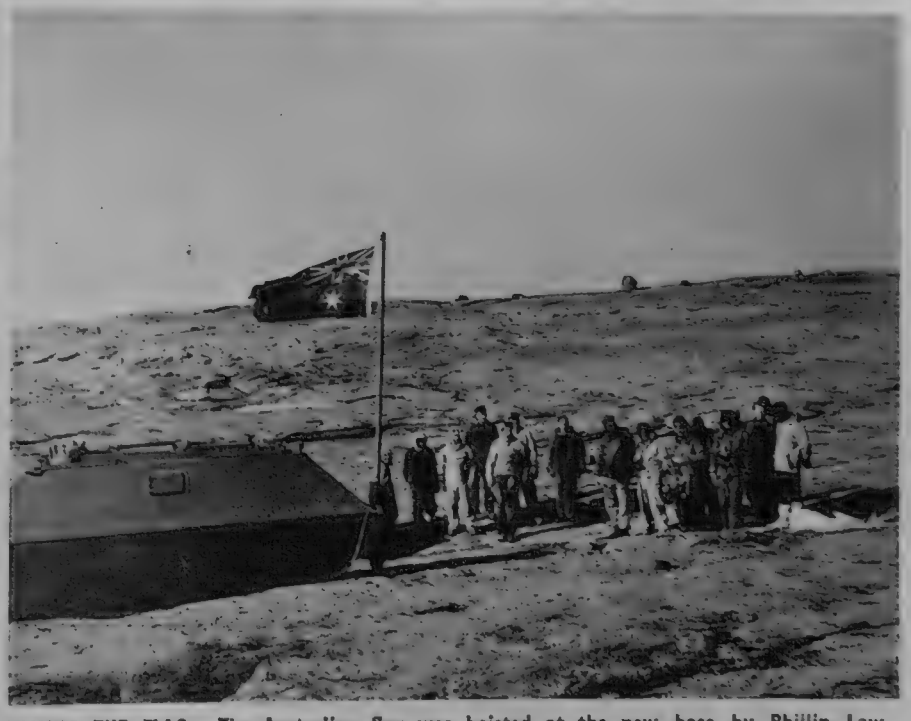
: One of the advantages of Mawson as a site is the affords a strong blizzard-proof foundation for the huts. laid for one of them. All the huts are prefabricated.



RAISING THE FLAG : The Australian flag was hoisted at the new base by Phillip Law, the leader of the expedition. He named it after Sir Douglas Mawson, the distinguished Antarctic explorer, who first went to the continent with Shackleton in 1908.

In SOUTHERN RHODESIA, the SUDAN and MALAYA

The Opening of a Parliament, Visits to Aborigines and a Sultan, and the Inauguration of an Airport

A NEW SPEAKER FOR THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN PARLIAMENT: Mr. William Addison being congratulated by Sir Robert Tredgold, officer administering the Government (left), after he had been elected Speaker of the Parliament in Salisbury. Mr. Addison, who is the fourth Speaker in the thirty years' history of the Parliament of Southern Rhodesia, was formerly the editor of a Johannesburg newspaper, and entered Parliament two years ago.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN SALISBURY: A general view of the Legislative Chamber while Sir Robert Tredgold read the Speech at the opening of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament. On his left is Lady Tredgold. Sir Robert Tredgold is officer administering the Government pending the arrival of the new Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett. With the recent establishment of Central African Federal Government, which incorporates Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the powers of the territorial Governments have been much reduced. However, the opening of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament and the election of the new Speaker took place with all due ceremony.

A DEPUTY HIGH COMMISSIONER WITH THE ABORIGINES: Sir Donald MacGillivray, Deputy High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya, being paddled through a lake in a shallow Semelai prahu in the vicinity of Tasek Bera. Sir Donald was on his way to visit a community of Semelai aborigines. He had flown to Fort Iskander, on the borders of Pahang and Negri Sembilan, to spend twenty-four hours with the aborigines. He visited a number of Semelai villages, and was present at a local wedding and the subsequent festivities and celebrations.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER CONTINUES HIS FAREWELL TOUR: General Sir Gerald Templer with the Sultan of Perak when he paid his official farewell visit at the residence of the Mentri Basar at Ipoh. The High Commissioner for Malaya, who was accompanied by Lady Templer, was continuing his tour of the Malay States before leaving the Federation next month. In Perak Sir Gerald Templer met members of the Security Forces, Federal and State Government staffs, representatives of voluntary organisations and aborigines who had come, fully decked, from the Cameron Highlands.

AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW KHARTOUM AIRPORT: The Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Robert Howe, sitting between the Prime Minister, Sayed Isma'il el Azhari, and Wing-Commander G. R. Leather Barrow, Controller of Civil Aviation, during an air display.

On right—**A general view of the new airport at Khartoum, with a guard of honour of the Sudan Defence Force in the background. After the airport had been formally declared open by the Governor-General, there was an air display given by Royal Air Force Vampires of 249 Squadron and a Canberra aircraft of 139 Squadron.**

A MAU MAU ROUND-UP

Over 1,000 Suspected Terrorists have been Arrested in the Kikuyu Reserves Since the Breakdown of the Truce Talks

Since the failure of the mass surrender talks in the middle of last month, the campaign against Mau Mau has been stepped-up. Within three days of the breakdown of the talks over 1,000 Mau Mau supporters were arrested on information received during those talks.

The surrender attempt through the mediations of "General China"—known officially as "Operation Wedgewood"—has been written off as a complete failure. It failed because of a clash between security forces and a large Mau Mau gang on the edge of the truce area; the gang had presumably strayed outside it on their way to the meeting. Twenty-five of the gang were killed. Near by, in the forest edge, were some 1,600 Mau Mau men who had come, it is thought, to give themselves up. They melted away. Official quarters in Kenya realise that the Mau Mau now think that the whole surrender project was a Government trap.

One of the leading figures in "Operation Wedgewood," Mr. Richard Gribble, has been appointed Senior Assistant Commissioner of Police and will work directly under Colonel Arthur Young, the City of London Police Chief on loan to Kenya.

But the drive to restore order in Kenya goes further than military operations: Mr. Lyttelton's proposals for constitutional reforms have been given Royal approval and a new Council of Ministers and Executive Council have recently been set up. Of the six unofficial members of the Council of Ministers, three are European settlers, two are Asians and one is an African.

ROUNDING-UP MAU MAU SUSPECTS AT KANGEMA: Suspects brought in to Kangema police station are being put aboard lorries for the collecting station. Since the breakdown of the truce talks the round-up of Mau Mau supporters in the areas between Fort Hall and Mount Kenya has gone steadily on; many of them were women. After being screened they were taken to a central collecting station.

A CAPTURE: Inspector Norman Hewitson examines the home-made gun (pictured on left) while its owner sits on the ground; he is guarded by an African policeman and a Kikuyu Home Guard.

CLOSE-UP OF A HOME-MADE MAU MAU RIFLE: The owner of this gun was arrested during the recent round-up. The firing-pin of the "rifle" is triggered off by a thick rubber band. Apart from the arrests, Mau Mau casualties in killed have lately been heavy.

KIKUYU … Kiku… wom… THE BUSH: As a precaution against ambush attempts, roads in the … being cleared of bush for 30 yards back on both sides. Here Kikuyu …ll district have been put to work on this task by the local chieftain.

COMBINED OPERATION: An African constable, a soldier and a Kikuyu Home Guard double up to surround the hut of a Mau Mau suspect. The campaign against Mau Mau has made progress lately.

FIFTY YEARS OF ELEGANCE—FROM ROLLS-ROYCE LANDAULETTE TO LIMOUSINE: *On left*—The 15-h.p. 3-cylinder Landaulette which was exhibited for the first time at the Paris Salon in 1904. *On right*—To-day's Silver Wraith, the Rolls-Royce seven-passenger limousine. Coachwork is by Park Ward and Co. It was just fifty years ago that Frederick Henry Royce first met the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls. Before the end of the year the first motor-car of their partnership had won a gold medal in Paris.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE STORY

Fifty Years Ago the First of the "Best Cars in the World" Came on the Road, the Product of a Remarkable Partnership

BY JOHN MAY

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY CAVENDISH MORTON

ANYONE with the leisure to stroll down Conduit Street, in the heart of London's West End, this month, will see in the Rolls-Royce showrooms two vintage cars which symbolise Britain's most romantic story of automobile history. One car is the original Silver Ghost, the 40–50-h.p. side-valve Rolls-Royce which continued in production for nineteen years (longer even than Henry Ford's famous model T), and the other is one of the first to bear the name Rolls-Royce, a Ten made in Manchester only a few months after the two men, Rolls and Royce, first met.

Both cars, as would be expected, are in running order. They are exhibited because it was fifty years ago, in May 1904, that the mechanical genius Frederick Henry Royce shook hands for the first time, at the Great Central Hotel, Manchester, with the adventurous pioneer, the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls. Rolls and Royce then took a ride together in a little high-seated, 10-h.p., 2-cylinder car similar to the one in the Conduit Street showrooms—and thus began a partnership more successful and a name more illustrious than either man could possibly have foreseen.

Rolls, the third son of the first Baron Llangattock, was a balloonist and pioneer motorist. His father had taken him, fresh from Eton, to Paris in 1894, and bought him a 3-h.p. Peugeot. This Charles Rolls drove to Cambridge, the first car seen there, at an average of over 4 miles an hour, breaking the old "red flag" speed limit, which was not raised to 12 m.p.h. until two years later.

Lord Llangattock had an estate in Monmouthshire, a town house in London and an ocean-going yacht. But young Charles took a degree in Mechanics and Applied Science, and turned to motor-racing. He drove from John o' Groats to Land's End in a Daimler in seven days in 1897; won the first Thousand Miles Reliability Trial in 1900 with a 12-h.p. Panhard; and established a world record of 93 m.p.h. with a 70-h.p. Mors at Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1903.

A year before this, the young Charles Rolls set up in business to sell cars from an office in Conduit Street. His partner was Claude Johnson, who had organised the Thousand Miles. Early in 1904 they had orders for more than a hundred cars—and there was not a British car on the market that Rolls considered was good enough for them to sell.

Then, in May, Rolls met Royce. Rolls was still in his twenties. Henry Royce, now a successful electrical manufacturer of forty, was a Lincolnshire miller's son who had been a London newspaper boy, a telegraph messenger in Mayfair, and a railway apprentice at Peterborough. His father died when he was ten, and his aunt, who had apprenticed him to the Great Northern Railway, could not continue to pay the £20 a year premium, so young Henry left Peterborough to find work tool-making in Leeds, came to London again to work for the Electric Light and Power Company, and then went to Liverpool for a subsidiary electricity concern.

Royce was then twenty-one. He found a partner and, with joint capital of £70, they set up as electricians in a little shop in Cook Street, Manchester. They lived in a room above and made enough money to keep the business running by selling an eighteen-penny domestic bell-set designed by Royce. Like Edison, Royce often neglected food and slumbered exhausted on his work-bench. He designed a new dynamo which brought prosperity to the firm, and by the time he bought himself a second-hand French car in 1903, Royce Ltd., had become a £30,000 company building electric cranes at a new works in Trafford Park.

Noisy and unreliable, the car appalled Royce; he set about building three 10-h.p., 2-cylinder cars to his own design. On Friday, April 1, 1904, the first car was ready. Electrically it was perfect: it started at a single pull of the handle—almost a miracle in those days—and it ran silently. The Hon. Charles Rolls heard of it, went up to Manchester, and took his epoch-making ride in it. He found that it was smoother, more refined and more pleasant to handle than any other car he had ever driven. He undertook to sell all Royce could make. But he first showed the great engineer what was required for safety, comfort and reliability.

The resulting Rolls-Royce car was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Salon, and on December 23, 1904, the two men signed an agreement that Royce Ltd., should supply C. S. Rolls and Company with four different types of chassis: a 10-h.p. 2-cylinder to sell at £395; a 15-h.p. 3-cylinder at £500; a 20-h.p. 4-cylinder at £650; and a 30-h.p. 6-cylinder at £800. All were to have the same bore and stroke and all were to bear the name of Rolls-Royce.

As Royce built and improved the cars, striving towards his own excessively high standards of mechanical perfection, Rolls set about making them the most fashionable car of the day. He drove H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught on a tour of inspection along the coast from Folkestone. A 15-h.p. Rolls-Royce was presented to the retiring headmaster of Eton by a group of old boys—one of them Rolls. He won the 1906 Isle of Man T.T. in a special "Light Twenty," and then took the same special Rolls-Royce car to New York to win the five-mile race at the Empire City Track.

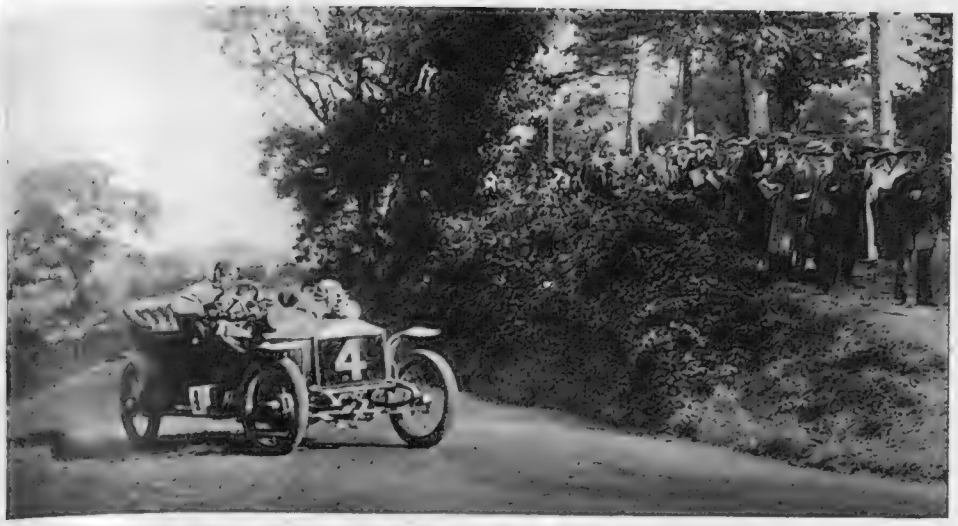
In February 1905, C. S. Rolls and Company had opened showrooms at 14–15, Conduit Street, where the Rolls-Royce showrooms are to-day. Then, on March 16, 1906, Rolls-Royce, Ltd., was registered at Somerset House, with a capital of £60,000, of which Rolls put up £10,000. One of the directors was A. E. Claremont, Royce's partner from the bell-set days. Another was

(*Continued on page 182*)

C. S. ROLLS: The great pioneer se... on the cliffs of Dover shortly before ... double cross-Channel flight in 19... Rolls was the first man to accomp... this feat. His tremendous interest ... aviation as well as motoring is reflec... in the dual activity of the Rolls-Roy... works at Derby and Crewe to-d...

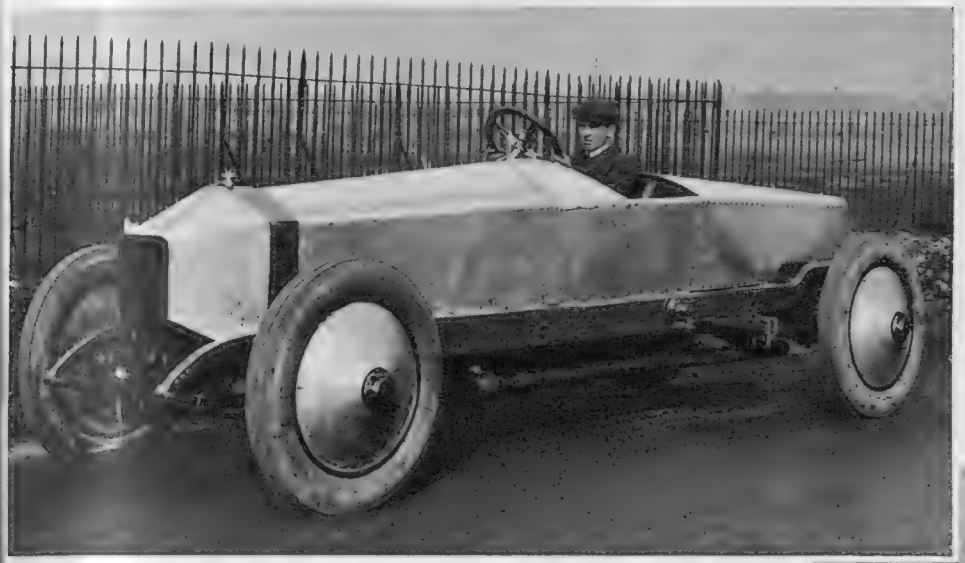
DEMONSTRATING THE HILL-CLIMBING ABILITY OF THE SILVER GHOST: Early models of the 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce cars at the Cat and Fiddle, near Buxton, Derbyshire, in 1907. At the wheel of the first car from left is Claude Johnson, one of the first directors of the firm; at the wheel of the second vehicle is Rolls. The Silver Ghost could climb the 1,790-ft. hill to the inn in top gear.

F. H. ROYCE: T... statue to ... Frederick Henry ... was erected ... the Arboretum ... by the sh... holders of R... imited in 1... It was the ... be erected ... a famous ... ntry during ... lifetim... as asked bo... wou... ed in the inscr... tic... t "Mechanic...



THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE IN 1906: Rolls taking his Rolls-Royce "Light Twenty" motor-car round a sharp bend during the Isle of Man race. In this year the Rolls-Royce won very easily. During the race telegrams were despatched to the Rolls-Royce factory and showroom giving the position of the car at the end of each lap.

AFTER THE ROAD—THE AIR: Rolls in the *Britannia* at the start of the Gordon Bennett balloon race in Paris. This race took place the day after Rolls had won the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Race in 1906.

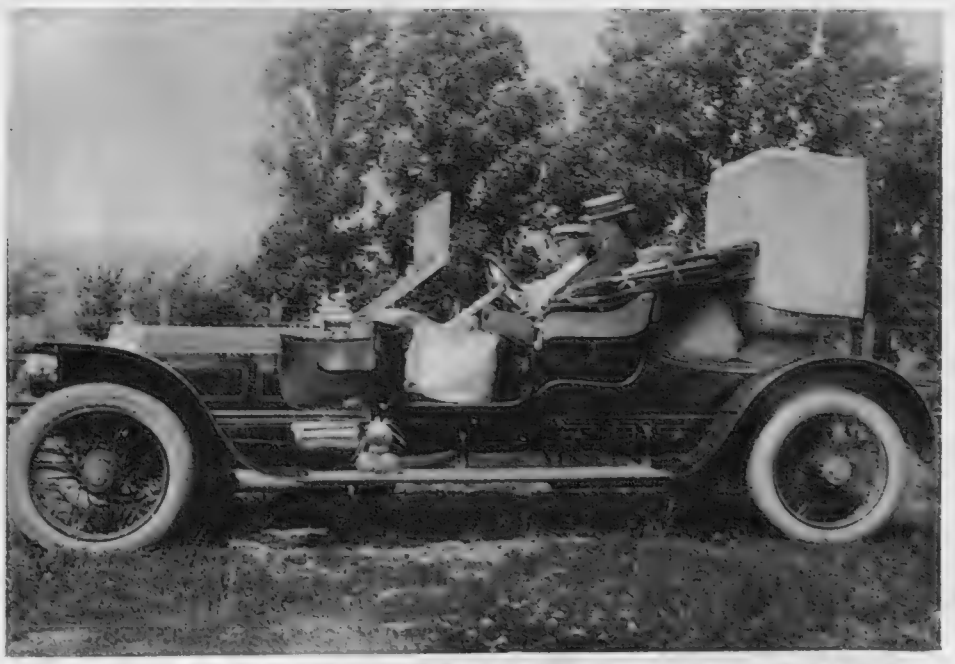


OVER 100 M.P.H. AT BROOKLANDS: The specially-built car, with a Silver Ghost chassis and a streamlined body, which in 1911 covered a flying half-mile at 101.8 m.p.h. At the wheel is Mr. E. W. Hives, now Lord Hives, the present chairman and joint managing director of Rolls-Royce Limited.

BEFORE CHARLES ROLLS MADE HIS GREAT CHANNEL FLIGHT: Engine and compass tests being made at Dover before Rolls made his historic flight in 1910. Flying a Wright biplane, he became the first person to make a double crossing of the English Channel by air.

THE MOTORI… one of … built by …

… REFUSED TO BE GROUNDED: Charles Rolls in *Imp*, in March 1908. This balloon had been …. Rolls was the first to make 100 ascents.

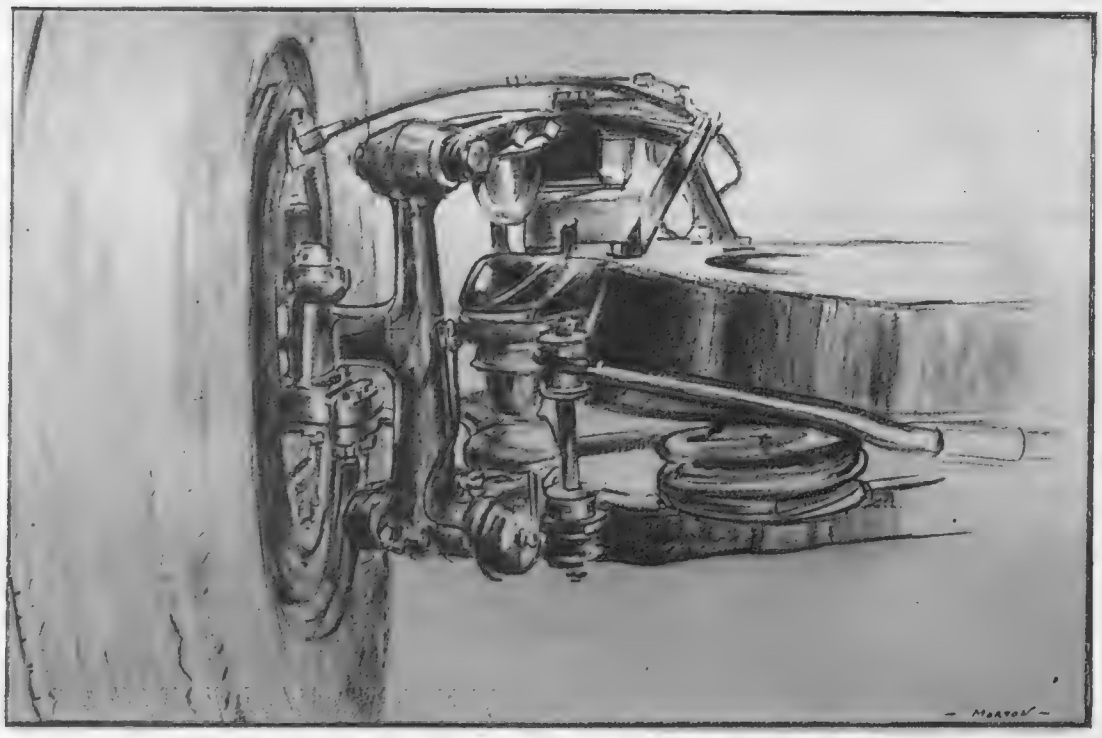


BALLOONING AND MOTORING WENT TOGETHER: Rolls, "the intrepid aeronaut," in his Rolls-Royce car, with his small balloon, the *Midget*, at the back. On the running-board at the front of the car is seen the generating equipment for the vehicle's acetylene lamps.

AT THE END OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE: The chassis of a Silver Wraith, practically completed, is seen in the vast shop at the Rolls-Royce works in Crewe. Beyond, on t assembly lines, are other Silver Wraiths, Silver Dawns and Bentleys. The chassis are then fitted with acoustically-designed test bodies for roadwork. The assembly-line syst has considerably increased production efficiency, but has in no way impaired the detailed individual care that, by tradition, is given to each chassis that goes on the ro

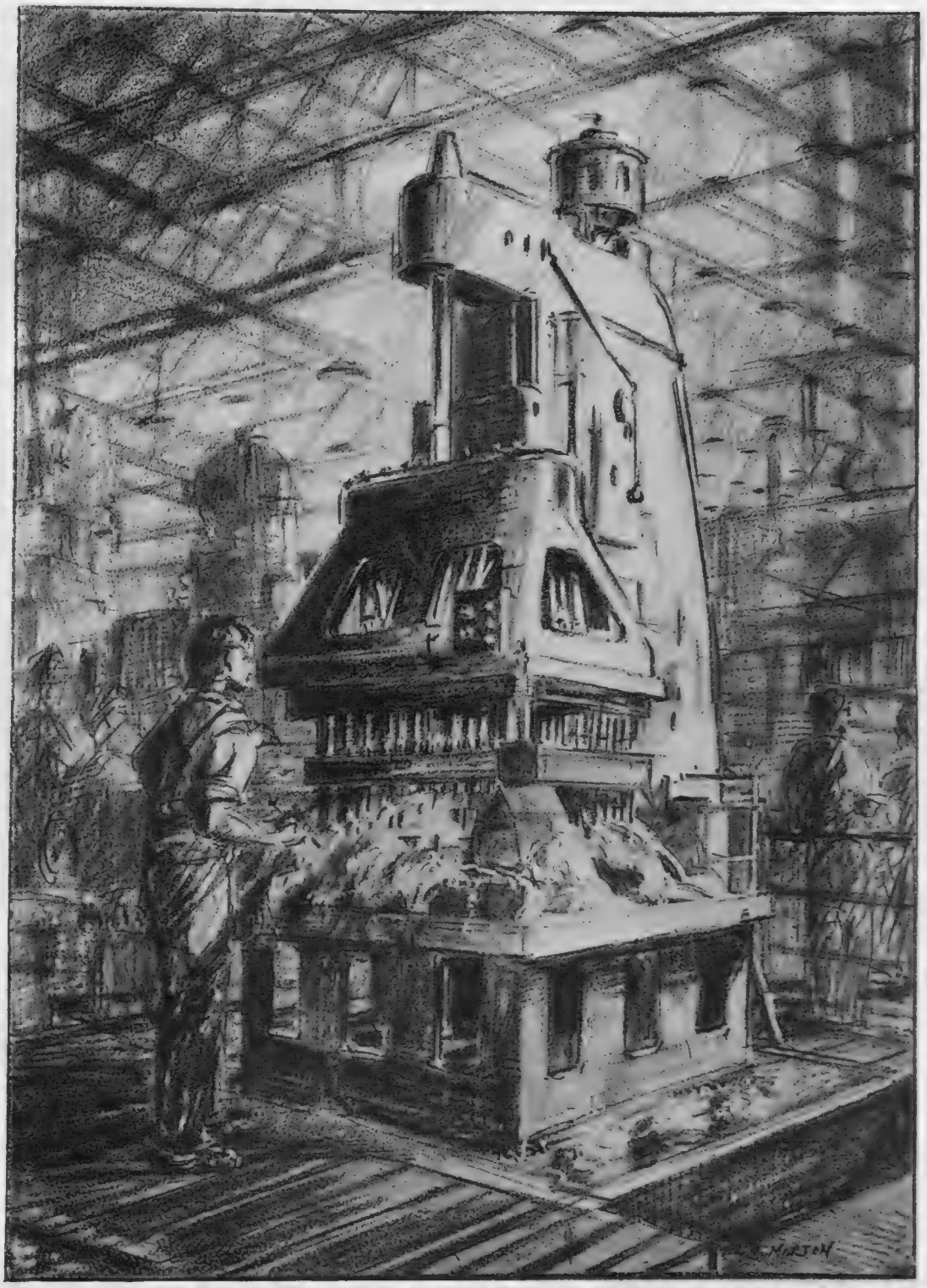
The Rolls-Royce works at Crewe now produce all the Company's motor-cars, including Bentleys, while the works at Derby concentrate on the output of aero engines. The Crewe factory was built during the rearmament drive in the two years immediately preceding the last war, and it was planned to produce aircraft engines there. Rolls-Royce secured the site in May 1938—it was actually the Corporation rubbish-dump. Building began at once, and so feverish was activity at the new factory that as soon as a sizeable shop had been erected, work began on the first aero engines, and a Merlin was produced within eleven months.

Throughout the war the Crewe factory, whose first works manager was Lord Hives, turned out aircraft engines at an ever-increasing pace. After the war the factory, by then large and very modern, was turned over entirely to the production of motor-cars. Of course, Derby was virtually the home of the Rolls-Royce car, but it was decided to use the works there for the important and highly secret production of aeroplane engines. The equipment used in the Crewe factory is the best that money can buy, and the production methods employed by the works are completely up to date. It might be thought that with these modern trends the Rolls-Royce car might lose something of its individuali might tend to lose the reputation for meticulous perfection it had gained in earlier years at Derby. But nothing of the has been allowed to happen. For instance, "spot checks made on specimen parts, taken at random; and these ch are assisted by the use of X-rays and of enlargement scr In fact, the very up-to-dateness of the works, with their scientific instruments and recently acquired knowledge o technicians who handle them, has contributed to the mainte of standards.



THE ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY FRONT SUSPENSION: The arrangement for the front suspension, which is identical on Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars except for the tension of the coil spring. This sketch by our artist was made during construction at Crewe. The independent front suspension is by helical springs in conjunction with wishbone linkage. There is a centralised chassis lubrication system which serves all components. The operation of the brakes is assisted by a mechanical servo motor.

IN THE WOOD SHOP: A craftsman ass in a shop away from the asse seen pulled out, and beneath Above the instrument panel The woodwork is most at



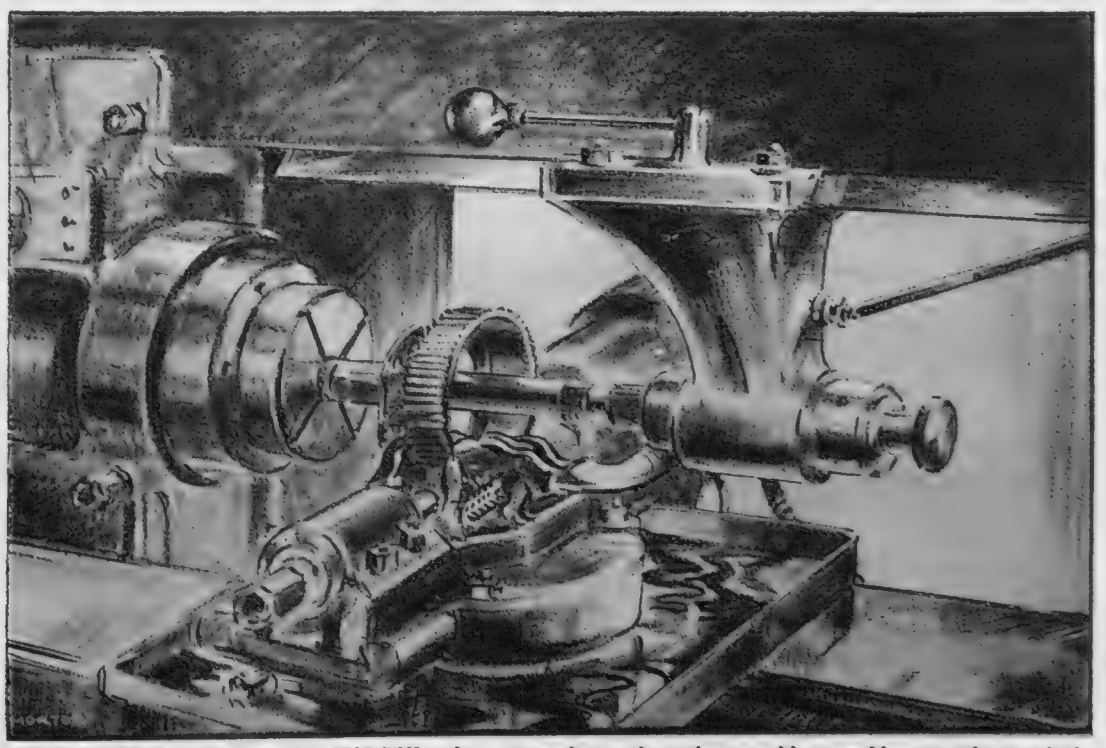
THE GREAT DRILL WHICH OPERATES ON THREE CYLINDER HEADS AT A TIME : The multiple spindle jig drill, which consists of eighty-nine drills. This great machine—a Natco—is of American design. There is a constant supply of fluid which cools and lubricates the job and the drills. Although it can work on three cylinder heads simultaneously, it cannot actually complete them in one operation. There are three separate stages in the work on the cylinder heads : the drilling of the main stud holes, of the inlet manifold holes and of the exhaust manifold holes. The drilling of holes on the crankcase is in two stages : on the head joint face and on the sump joint face, when the crankcase is reversed.

The Rolls-Royce Story

THE MOTOR WORKS AT CREWE

WITH DRAWINGS BY CAVENDISH MORTON

IN THE UPHOLSTERING SHOP : The last piece of leather beading is put on a bucket-type seat for the Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn and the Bentley Sports Saloon. These are the only cars for which the bodies are made at Crewe. This is the final stage in upholstering, for which the finest quality leathers are used.



WORKING ON THE AUTOMATIC GEAR-BOX : An automatic tooth-cutting machine working on the teeth in a planetary pinion carrier for an automatic Rolls-Royce gear-box. A fluid coupling eliminates the necessity for a clutch ; but though this gear-box is automatic, it does not rob the driver of the opportunity to exercise his skill. He has a large element of control over his gear-changing. These gear-boxes, also incorporated in the Bentley, were first introduced at last year's Motor Show.

LUXURY TRAVEL TWENTY YEARS AGO: A 1934 6-cylinder Phantom II. The first model of this car appeared in 1929, and completely changed all previous conceptions of luxury travel. It had a maximum speed of over 80 m.p.h.

THE BENTLEY CONTINENTAL: The 1954 Sports Saloon, with coachwork by H. J. Mulliner and Co. This is a true sports car, capable of speeds up to 120 m.p.h. Rolls-Royce acquired the assets of the old Bentley Company in 1931.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE STORY *(Cont.)*

(*Continued from page 178*)

Claude Johnson, Rolls's partner in the distributing concern which was now absorbed into the new company. Rolls-Royce now, as ever, moved fast.

For the Motor Show that autumn, Royce and Rolls together produced a 40–50-h.p. 6-cylinder car which was his finest yet: the Silver Ghost. It was so outstanding that it continued in production as a basic type until 1925, and earned for Rolls-Royce the description "the best car in the world." This was within three years of Royce producing his first motor-car. The original price of the chassis was £950, which in 1906 was money indeed. The first model was run 15,000 miles, then stripped by the R.A.C. The running cost was only 4½d. per mile and replacements cost £2 2s. 7d.

After travelling 400,000 miles, chiefly in the hands of one owner, the original Silver Ghost came back to Rolls-Royce, was rebuilt, and is now the historic model on show this month in Conduit Street.

Meantime, the company had settled on a one-car policy, and the demand had become so great that new works were built at Derby to Royce's design and layout. Rolls-Royce cars continued to win sporting events, particularly the Alpine Trials. Tremendous progress had been made in six years, and then tragedy intervened.

Charles Rolls had been the first "intrepid aeronaut" to make over 100 ascents by balloon. He bought a Wright biplane when the Wright brothers came to France, and in 1910 made the first double crossing of the Channel by air. As if his interest in cars and the company had diminished, and as if the Rolls-Royce story was a novel in which the author wished to dispose quickly of a character, on July 12, 1910, Rolls broke the elevator of his biplane in the air at Bournemouth, crashed and died. He was the first Englishman to be killed in a flying accident.

Rolls made automobile history and a lasting name for himself, although he was only thirty-three when he died. Royce, now approaching fifty, fell ill the following year from the shock, overwork and early privations. Given three months to live, he went abroad and was never to return to Derby. But he continued his work at his homes in the South of France and on the South Coast of England. A team of experts worked with him in his private drawing offices, and a stream of blueprints flowed thence to the factory at Derby. Claude Johnson, shaken by losing two friends so suddenly from the boardroom, meantime arranged for a specialist to make periodic examinations of the executive staff, and dragged them off on Saturday mornings to play golf for the good of their health

From the sparkling twin fountain of genius that had been the beginning of Rolls-Royce, the firm now flowed on to become a broad and ever-widening river. The present joint-managing directors of the firm, Lord Hives, C.H., M.B.E., and A. G. Elliott, C.B.E., were growing in importance as Royce's main helpers, Hives on experimental work and Elliott as Royce's chief assistant in design. The car exceeded 100 m.p.h. at Brooklands, and triumphed in the Austrian Alpine Trials of 1912 and 1913. And then the 1914 war forced Royce to design the aero-engine which Rolls would have demanded from him long before this. Rolls-Royce flew into battle.

It would be wrong to give the impression that in all enterprises the result was inevitable success. Not quite everything was triumph with the cars. Rolls failed, and the other Rolls-Royce had come only second in the first Isle of Man T.T.; and once a Rolls-Royce in a trial actually stopped inadvertently on an Alpine pass.

The one-car policy was abandoned in 1922, and the forerunner of the 30-h.p. Wraith was produced. Then, in 1925, the New Phantom came into being, secretly at first, to replace the old Ghost. During development it was known by the code name of "E.A.C.", for Eastern Armoured Car, and Hives had pieces of armour plate left about the place as false clues to the activity. The Phantom II and the Phantom III followed. Rolls-Royce no longer entered motoring competitions, but an owner drove his Phantom III from Derby to Nairobi and back—and not a single drop of water had to be added to its radiator over the full journey.

In 1931 the sporting side of the enterprise was strengthened by taking over the Bentley concern, and "the silent sports car" came into being. In those days, Rolls-Royce made only chassis leaving the coachwork to specialist firms. But the time was to come, after the Second World War, when first Bentleys and then Rolls-Royces were to be available complete from the makers.

THREE GREAT PIONEERS IN A ROLLS-ROYCE: Charles Rolls at the wheel of his car, with Orville Wright and (behind) Wilbur Wright, during the visit of the brothers to England in 1909. They are seen at the Aero Club's trial ground at Shellbeach, which the brothers declared to be the best in Europe.

Henry Royce was never to know this. But it was still true, as he had once remarked, that it was impossible for the firm to make a bad motor-car. "The man on the door," he had said with a smile, "wouldn't let it get out." From ignoring food as a youngster, he had become interested in his later days in cookery. He developed a liking for good wines, and among other pursuits took up painting, farming and flute-playing. He watched Britain win the Schneider Trophy races with a Rolls-Royce-powered plane, timing the seaplanes in the distance from the top of a haystack opposite his Sussex house at West Wittering. And the following year he was made a baronet.

But Sir Frederick Henry Royce, Bt., O.B.E., M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., was still the same man who, in early days, had been forced to make his own nuts and bolts to get the perfection he sought. He had only a limited knowledge of mathematics. "I can do simple arithmetic," he used to say. "I 'm only a mechanic." He sometimes neglected to patent ideas when he first evolved them in the early days, but his constant striving towards perfection he never forgot.

That striving was the basis of the enormous Rolls-Royce development to-day in the design, manufacture and servicing of aero-engines, which has grown to be an enterprise many times the size of the business of making Rolls-Royce cars. It began when the supply of cars to private customers was cut off in 1914, and the Derby factory went over to producing the 12-cylinder water-cooled, Vee-type aero-engine designed by Royce—the Eagle. During that war a dozen different types of aircraft were powered by this engine and the Falcon that followed it.

Rolls-Royce engines were the first to fly the Atlantic, powering Alcock and Brown's Vickers Vimy biplane in 1919. More records followed. Then in 1925, purely as a private enterprise, the Kestrel was evolved. From this ancestor sprang the Schneider Trophy "R" engine, from which came eventually the Merlin—the engine which, in Hurricanes and Spitfires magnificently flown by "the few," won the Battle of Britain.

The demand for Merlins became so great even before the war that a new factory was built at Crewe in 1939, then one near Glasgow; and their manufacture was later taken on also by Ford at Manchester and Packard in America. The first jet-propelled fighter used by the R.A.F., the Gloster Meteor, had Rolls-Royce Welland engines. The Derwent engine followed (and beat 600 m.p.h.), then the Nene and the Avon. The river-named series flows on, misted over with security secrecy.

THE ORIGINAL WORKS AT DERBY, NOW TURNED OVER TO AERO ENGINES: A section of the large works where both jet and piston engines are being made for civil and military aeroplanes. The factory at Derby was so designed in 1906 that the extensions which were later made to produce aircraft engines were effected without disorganisation.

Instead of a single factory, there are Rolls-Royce establishments now at Derby, Hucknall, London, Barnoldswick, Park Ward, and in Scotland, Canada and Australia—as well as at Crewe, where the cars are now made. Some idea of the extent of the aero-engine industry can be gathered from the fact that the Rolls-Royce service and repair organisation alone maintains local centres in Canada, the U.S.A., Jamaica, Argentina, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, Iraq, Egypt, South Africa, Pakistan, India, Malaya, Australia and New Zealand.

This vast network all derives from the same man for whom no detail was too small. "Whatever is rightly done," said Royce, "however humble, is noble." To his friend, the sculptor Eric Gill, this seemed such a perfect summing-up of the man's philosophy that he carved it in Latin on the mantelpiece of Royce's sitting-room at West Wittering: "*Quidvis recte factum: quamvis humile praeclarum.*" Here, at his home, on April 22, 1933, a few weeks after he reached the age of seventy, Sir Henry Royce's life came to an end. Since that day, every Rolls-Royce car leaving the factory has had the initials "R-R" on its radiator (the radiator which from the first has not changed), no longer in red, but in black as a token of remembrance.

HELICOPTERS and a GYRO-GLIDER

Recent News Pictures of Activities and Developments in the World of Rotating Wing Aircraft

SALVAGING A HELICOPTER—BY HELICOPTER : This picture, taken in a clearing in Malaya, shows a Royal Navy S-55 helicopter hovering above the fuselage of another which had been forced to land in the clearing. The geography of the area precluded any road vehicle reaching the stranded aircraft and so the parts were picked up by another S-55 and flown to Singapore.

THE 1,200-LB. FUSELAGE OF THE CRASHED HELICOPTER IS LIFTED FROM THE CLEARING : The crash occurred while the helicopter was on a flight from Kuala Lumpur to take part in jungle operations, and, as the damage sustained by the aircraft was enough to make repair on the spot impossible, naval technicians found themselves in a quandary as to how to salvage it. The dense jungle surrounding the paddy-field in which the aircraft crashed made it impossible for it to be reached by any vehicle, and the technicians who travelled from Singapore to dismantle the helicopter covered the last few miles on foot, cutting their way through the jungle. Once the aircraft had been dismantled, another helicopter of the same squadron began the airlift : in a series of seven journeys every piece of the crashed aircraft was removed to Singapore, where it is now being fitted together, and the damaged parts repaired. The mechanics were greatly hampered during their task by deep mud.

A MOTOR-CYCLE OF THE SKIES—AN AMERICAN XA-6 HELICOPTER IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES : This single-seat, jet-driven helicopter has been built by the American Helicopter Company and is now being tested by U.S. Army and Marine Corps, who have shown great interest in the project. The aircraft is driven by pulse jets which are fixed to the tips of the rotor blades. In a military role, the XA-6 is expected to have a great future ; it would allow shock troops, such as paratroops, to possess great mobility.

GYRO-GLIDING IN THE UNITED STATES : This machine can be towed behind a vehicle until sufficient height has been gained to allow it to glide, or auto-rotate to the ground. A speed of only twenty miles an hour is needed to get the Gyro-Glider airborne, and its ground speed when landing is as low as seven miles an hour.

"LOOK, NO HANDS!"—AN AMERICAN HELICOPTER PILOT SHOWS OFF HIS MACHINE'S STABILITY : The helicopter is an XH-26, also developed by the American Helicopter Company, for possible use with the armed forces. This is a single-seat, pulse-jet-driven aircraft, and is intended primarily as a light observation unit. It can be dropped to troops in the field by parachute and can be assembled and ready for flight in a very short time.

THE LIES THAT WILL NOT DIE

Some Reflections on Historical Misrepresentations and on "the Survival of the Least Fitted" in Posterity's Memory

By JOHN GORE

IT is not only the lies of history that will not die. More extraordinary is the number of quite unimportant people who have found their way into our history books and have a permanent niche in English history—and, for that matter, in world history.

Of whom Captain Jenkins (or, at any rate, one of his ears) and Don Pacifico are *locus classicus*. A generation of men is made up (rather like a circus) of ordinary individuals with a very few giants and freaks. The ordinary individuals run the show. The public "pays to see" the giants and freaks and remembers only these last. Posterity also. So history is largely the story of the giants and freaks; and the satellites of serious historians—the novel biographers—fasten on the freaks and the Jenkins, and keep alive, generation after generation, the rumours, scandals, sensations, lies and misrepresentations current concerning them in their lives, when political bias or society scandal-mongers fastened on them and traduced them and made them notorious. No two characters, one in the centre of history, one on the fringe, one a great statesman, one a woman of no importance, more instantly suggest themselves to me as examples of the eternal victims of misrepresentation than R. B. Sheridan and Lady Caroline Lamb.

Sheridan's fine record as an honest, far-sighted, single-minded and liberal statesman in an age of corruption has never been suffered to emerge. All his life, as he often said, he was a victim of slander and misrepresentation, and a century after his death he remains obscured by these undying trivialities which the public find romantic without seeking to examine them for truth.

He is remembered as a duellist, a playwright, a one-speech man, a gambler, drunkard, bankrupt who died with the broker's men snatching at his threadbare blanket.

It makes a good story. His parliamentary record, his singleminded statesmanship, would make dull reading.

A "BRIGHT YOUNG THING" OF HER DAY: A reproduction from the painting of Lady Caroline Lamb, by Miss E. H. Trotter, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Lady Caroline was born in 1785. She married the future Lord Melbourne in 1805, but was separated from him in 1824.

Neglected Evidence.—There are, of course, other and special reasons why Sheridan never had in life the acknowledgment he deserved as a statesman, and why there is still therefore no balanced biography of this noble public servant. Above all, there is the prejudice in days of aristocratic government, against men who were not "in the book." The same handicap weighed against Canning and lesser fry like Tierney. Sheridan (of all men!) was not even a Privy Councillor. But the dazzle of his varied genius and the "romance" of his life story, fastened on by gossip-lovers of all ages, were far too blazing for truth and proportion to come into view, and all his biographers have been blinded. The "pauper's death," the "drunken sottishness," are all posterity cares to read and wishes to believe. Yet the first duty of a biographer is to weigh evidence from likely sources. Here is one which one might regard as worthy:

Charles Sheridan, son of R.B.'s second marriage, wrote ten days after his father's death to his half-brother Tom, in South Africa: "The reports which you may have seen in newspapers of the privations and want of comforts which our father endured are unfounded; he had every attention and comfort that could make a deathbed easy."

Mrs. Lefanu, R.B.'s sister, confirmed this: "He had three specialists every day and the Bishop of London at his bedside."

But Tom Moore's sentimental verses perpetuated the "pauper's death" lie and it will not die. Creevey, a close friend, is evidence that Sheridan was a remarkably moderate drinker in his latter years. But it will not do. The "drunken sot" is more appealing to sensation-hunters, and the statesman (and *Hansard*) can go by default.

Caroline Lamb.—Caroline Lamb was a "bright young thing" of her day. She had enormous charm, was a lively conversationalist, advanced, original and, like all bright young things of every generation, she must be in the latest movements and know the latest lions. Of whom Byron, the arch-cad of Love, was one. She fell for him, and he for a time for her. He got bored with her before she ceased to love him, and all his caddishness was employed against her. The majority of Byron's cast-offs are forgotten to-day. Caroline (and one or two more) remains on the fringe of history. Who to-day—except the body-snatchers—remembers Frances Webster, Marianna Segati, Margarita Cogni, even Lady Oxford and Mrs. Leigh? Why does Caroline remain? The answer, maybe, is because of one single incident in her short life and the highly-coloured and imaginative recollections by Lady Morgan of conversations with Lady Caroline in illness in 1824.

These "recollections" formed the basis of the *D.N.B.* notice of Lady Caroline and have been accepted as gospel by the women novelist-biographers of our day, who have smacked their lips over them. The chief "lies" are that Lady Bessborough allowed her daughter Caroline to be brought up by a servant; that she so spent six years in Italy from the age of three to nine; that she was thereafter "brought up at Devonshire House," rescued by her grandmother, Lady Spencer, who had her "vetted" for signs of insanity, and so on. While all this time Lady Bessborough (or Duncannon) led a life of debauchery.

Every one of these lies has been contradicted with chapter and verse from family papers in *Lady Bessborough and her Family Circle*, by Lord Bessborough and Mr. Aspinall. Lady Bessborough's frailties are only too well known, but she was a loved and devoted mother, and Caroline was brought up in her own home and went abroad, when she did travel, under her mother's care, only leaving her mother when her mother was seriously ill.

Caroline was never insane. She was emotional, nervy and far too impulsive. Her last letters between 1824 and 1828 show that she died in full possession of her senses, serene and repentant of her early follies.

But what are proofs? Sensation mongers in all ages prefer a "story." And "the one single incident"? Not one of the lady body-snatchers fails to record that "at Lady Heathcote's ball" Caroline slashed herself with a knife or glass splinters to call Byron's attention to her despised love.

It is true that she shattered a wine-glass in her emotion and cut herself, and tongues clacked over the incident. Yet, despite Lady Morgan's red-hot copy, it is quite probable that, if Lady Caroline had not received a card from Lady Heathcote that evening, she would to-day be in the obscurity of a hundred bright young things (and other Byron cast-offs).

On such trifles do the Jenkins' ears of history gain their immortality!

> "Vex not her ghost, they hate her,
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch her out longer . . ."

It is not that the body-snatchers hate her, but that they love, and must have, a "story." And alas! it is thus that so much of history is written, as well as the less important literature of social history and biography.

The Lies That Pay.—The freaks are more interesting than the giants to a vast majority of the human race. Romance and sensation pay better dividends than truth, even when truth is stranger than fiction. How well does Hollywood understand this. They take our history and our classic novels and must always "improve" on them. But, of course, it is not only the living who are guilty of the lies and misrepresentations. Most of them had their origins in the gossip of contemporaries or the malice of contemporary partisans.

Take the *Ladies of Llangollen* as a trivial instance. Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby were in their day very mild "pioneers." They were not the first couple of girl friends who kept house together. Nor were they markedly eccentric. Every English village nowadays has its spinster friends living in a cottage and active in W.I. and other village pursuits, and Llangollen was not unique in that respect in the early nineteenth century. But they became "much exposed to authors," as was the Duke of Wellington. They had their "Lady Morgans" as Sarah's cousin, Caroline Lamb, had hers. Anna Seward, Madame de Genlis, Prince Pückler-Muskau, turned them into the "most celebrated virgins in Europe," and *D.N.B.*, feeding only on contemporary gossip, and not even getting their titles correctly, makes a gorgeous muddle of them. They are labelled "recluses," and in the same breath we are told that the whole world of society hammered on their front door. They wore men's clothes, they never left their cottage for a single night in fifty years, and so on. The "men's clothes" in truth were the normal riding costume of women of the period, enhanced by a faked contemporary print.

If the truth about them could prevail and were worth telling, they were both unhappy in their homes and decided to make a life of peace and happiness for themselves. They made no theatrical appearance at Llangollen. For some time the inhabitants did not even know their surnames.

They gardened and kept account books and pigs and poultry, and wrote to their families in whose careers and children they were deeply interested. Llangollen was the last stage before the Irish Mail Boat, and all the world travelled to and from Ireland. Naturally, their relations and friends walked up from the inn to call on them, and so their notoriety grew and the "story-snatchers" followed the crowd. They were well-educated, interested in world affairs no less than in local matters, and, never desiring to be "recluses," were sometimes (like the rest of us) bored with a superfluity of guests and callers. In short, two quite ordinary gentlewomen. But no. The truth is dull. They must survive for ever as comedy figures. In their case, certainly, the contemporary misrepresentation did the business.

The Shakespeare Fakers.—No doubt, £ s. d. is at the root of most of the lies of history and biography. One writes a book to sell it, and one sells more copies if one writes for a wider public than students of history and truth. But I am less inclined to despise and condemn those who perpetuate their lies and invent their stories most directly and obviously for immediate gain—if only for the reason that I take books very seriously. Thus, I forgive or extenuate the "Queen Elizabeth slept here" lie. After all, we've got to support our ancient manor houses, and a bogus Prince Charlie's snuff-box more or less makes no matter. And that goes for the Shakespeare forgers and fakers.

We have had only a limited number of giants, and none so great of whom so little is known and so much has been written as Shakespeare. We know the date when somebody of that name died and was buried at Stratford, and we know that somebody of that name was an actor in London and admired as a poet and dramatist. That's about all we do know for certain. We might know more to-day if it had not been that for generations after his death, his name and works were as forgotten as mine will be "twenty years on." In fact, it was not until Garrick began to find his plays "box-office" that people began to inquire into his history.

Then it came out with a rush. The "story" sleuths came to Stratford and demanded a "birth-place"; the forgers (Ireland and Co.) got busy and cashed-in on faked signatures and documents, and the most splendidly mendacious "relics" of the Bard were turned out and survive to do duty to this day among the romantical. Well, after all, Shakespeares are rare, dollars are rare; we are surely justified in doing what we can to bring these two rarities together at Stratford.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, THE PUBLIC SERVANT: This engraving by Hicks is taken from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Shakespeare is a whale of a British worthy. He deserves to be a news-story and news-stories are not remarkable for meticulous accuracy.

I am prepared to swallow the "last words" of famous men. But what I excuse less tolerantly is this perpetual survival of the least fitted in Posterity, this eternal raking-up of scandal and rumour and lies concerning unimportant people. And I think that no class and no era in our social history have been so long, so persistently, so unfairly "exposed to authors" as the society and era of the Grand Whiggery. It is high time for the ladies to give the Tories a turn, almost time to start on the Socialists.

Let them at least give the Grand Whiggery a holiday.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN ENJOY THE SPRING SUNSHINE IN THE GARDENS OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR: Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and his sister, Princess Anne, are seen sitting on a lawn surrounded by clusters of daffodils during a visit to Windsor with the Queen Mother. Shortly after the pictures reproduced on this page were taken, the two children sailed from Portsmouth in the Royal yacht *Britannia* en route to Tobruk for the meeting with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The meeting was expected to take place to-day, Saturday, May 1.

THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN

New Pictures of Prince Charles and Princess Anne Taken at Windsor, just Before they Sailed for Tobruk for To-day's Meeting with their Parents

PRINCE CHARLES WITH HONEY, THE CORGI, ON THE TERRACE OF ROYAL LODGE: The Heir-Apparent poses for a lone portrait and then (*on left*) joins his sister, busy with a wheelbarrow, and the Queen Mother. During their parents' absence abroad the children spent much time with their grandmother and Princess Margaret. Prince Charles will be six in November and Princess Anne four in August.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

On left—

PREPARING FOR THE QUEEN'S HOME-COMING: These girls at the firm of John Edgington and Company, of the Old Kent Road, London, are busy sewing together the different parts of Union Jacks which will be sold for use when the Queen returns to this country from her tour, in May. There is a great demand for flags and bunting for decorating buildings. The bridges of the Thames under which the Queen will pass in the Royal barge on her way to Westminster are also to be decorated for her return, and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have approved the suggestion that church bells should be rung throughout the country on the Queen's return.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN LONDON IS IN FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES: This is the exterior of the house in Gough Square, just north of Fleet Street, where the famous man lived from 1748 to 1758, writing, among other books, his famous Dictionary. For the past few years, the accounts have shown a deficit of several hundreds of pounds, and although the income from an endowment by the late Lord Harmsworth was sufficient for the upkeep of the house in 1929 when it was made, it is not so now, and the shilling entrance fee charged to sightseers does not bring in enough money. Last year there was an average of only ten visitors a day, and the majority of these came from overseas. During the war, the house was slightly damaged by enemy bombs, but this was restored. Inside, the visitor may see many mementoes of the Doctor and his work, including an early edition of the Dictionary.

SOMETHING NEW IN STREET LIGHTING IN ABERDEEN: This is a view of Union Street, Aberdeen, which is now lighted by General Electric Company cold cathode fluorescent lanterns. It is claimed to be the only street lighting system of its kind. The lanterns are not mounted on columns, as is usual, but are fixed to the walls of buildings. Among the many assets of this method is the fact that the granite walls reflect much diffused light.

On left—

THE MOST-TALKED-OF WOMAN IN ENGLAND: Miss Roberta Cowell, who was once Robert Marshall Cowell, a Spitfire pilot in the Battle of Britain and a well-known racing motorist before the war, seen with her mother, Lady Cowell, at her home in Croydon. This was Miss Cowell's first visit to this country since the news of her change of sex received wide publicity in the national newspapers earlier this year.

TEST CRICKETERS RETURN : Seen aboard the S.S. *Ariguani* at Avonmouth, Bristol, are some of the M.C.C. team just returned from the West Indies, where they drew the five-match rubber ; England lost the first two Tests, drew the fourth, and won the other two. Left to right, they are—Denis Compton and his wife ; Godfrey Evans and his wife; and Ken Suttle and his mother. When they arrived, the captain of the team, Len Hutton, agreed that cricketing in the West Indies was "not a pleasant experience." Hutton said : "If it had not been for the terrible roar the crowds kept up continuously, I think we should have won."

A NEW ROAD IS BEING CONSTRUCTED NEAR A THAMES-SIDE BEAUTY SPOT : A picture showing work in progress on the new road which is being built at Runnymede, near the River Thames, a well-known beauty spot. The road is being built parallel to, and on the far side of, an existing one, which it will eventually replace. When all is completed, there will be a wide grass verge stretching from the new road down to the river bank.

On left—

THE TWISTED AND STILL-SMOULDERING REMAINS OF PART OF GREAT YARMOUTH PIER, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE RECENTLY : The fire broke out soon after midnight, and swept through the wooden buildings, destroying the entertainments part of the pier, including the theatre and the ballroom. The flames were fanned shorewards by a stiff wind and all the firemen could do was to prevent the flames from spreading.

A LONDON BUILDING COLLAPSES BUT NO ONE IS INJURED : A view of the bomb-damaged warehouse in Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, which collapsed for no apparent reason, nearly trapping two people who happened to be passing. At the time of the crash, which occurred in the early hours of the morning, the building, which is used by a firm of plastic moulders, was empty. After the building had collapsed, the street was barred to traffic, and passers-by were warned against smoking because of gas escaping from a damaged main. Many people who lived near by came down in their nightclothes, after the crash, fearing that their houses might fall.

EASTER SNOWFLAKES ON THE NORFOLK BROADS : These racing dinghies, scudding along before the sharp breezes that blew over most of England at Easter, are being sailed by members of the Snowflakes Sailing Club at Potter Heigham, on the Norfolk Broads. The combination of wind and sun was ideal for sailing.

LORD BICESTER'S HORSE, ROYAL APPROACH, WINS THE IRISH GRAND NATIONAL : Lord Bicester is seen receiving the Irish Grand National Cup from Mrs. B. T. O'Reilly. Behind them is jockey Pat Taaffe, who rode the horse, which was trained by Mr. T. W. Dreaper. The race, held at the Faireyhouse Racecourse in County Meath, provided many exciting moments. Sam Brownthorn, ridden by Mr. H. Freeman Jackson, came second, three lengths behind Royal Approach, and Icelough was third.

GOLDERS GREEN AND OKINAWA

Robert Morley's "Hippo Dancing," at the Lyric, Concerns the Taming of a Preposterously Indignant Greengrocer; John Patrick's "The Teahouse of the August Moon" Tells of the American Occupation of Okinawa

THE LORD OF THE VILLA: Zena Howard, Mona Washbourne and Robert Morley in a scene from his new comedy, *Hippo Dancing*, at the Lyric Theatre. Robert Morley plays the leading role, that of a wholesale fruiterer in Golders Green, in his own very free adaptation of a comedy by André Roussin.

"Hippo" Osborne is a voluble domestic tyrant, a man who delights in roaring his displeasure at everything that goes on, and a part which is played with enormous gusto by Robert Morley. Yet there is something comic about his perpetual rage—the saving virtue which explains why his wife and friends have tolerated him so long. But Hippo is suddenly informed that one of his two sons is becoming a woman's dressmaker, the other is being kept by a rich Italian Princess. Moreover, his long-suffering wife announces her intention of leaving him for his friend. Hippo is transformed: from a roaring bull of a man he becomes a cooing dove, a change no less comic in Mr. Morley's hands.

OUTRAGED FATHER: Hippo's son Roger, played by Jeremy Burnham, has just sprung the news that he wants to be a dressmaker and is cut off without a penny by his disgusted father.

A REFORMED HIPPO: Hippo demonstrates his new-found sweet reasonableness to his wife and his bland friend, played by Wilfrid Hyde White, with whom she had threatened to run away.

INTRODUCTION: Sakini, the interpreter (Eli Wallach), introduces a beautiful Geisha girl (Chin Yu) to the captain in command of his village (William Sylvester) in a scene from John Patrick's comedy, *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The latest American import to be brought over by that famous pair, Richard Rogers and Oscar Hammerstein, is a straight play—*The Teahouse of the August Moon*—an enchanting comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. A young captain, in peacetime a professor of classics but in wartime an officer who has failed conspicuously to make his mark in the Army, is sent to a little Okinawan village, there to convert the natives to democracy and the American way of life. Instead, in this gentle satire on Americans, they convert him. He plans to build a schoolhouse with five sides (like the Pentagon in Washington), but the villagers persuade him instead to build a teahouse from which to contemplate the August moon. Star of a good cast and fine production undoubtedly is newcomer Eli Wallach, who came from New York to play the Okinawan interpreter, Sakini.

WRESTLING MATCH: To celebrate the captain's birthday, a party is held at the teahouse, the highspot of which is a wrestling match between two villagers. So that neither loses face, the loser is declared the winner.

THE INSTRUMENT OF A SOVIET ASSASSIN: This three-barrelled pistol is one of the weapons surrendered by the M.V.D. agent, Captain Nikolai Khoklov, to the American High Commissioner in Western Germany last week. Khoklov, with two East Germans, had been ordered to assassinate an anti-Communist Russian in Frankfurt. The gun is fired electrically and makes no more noise than the snapping of fingers. It can fire dum-dum bullets containing cyanide.

FAILURE OF A MISSION

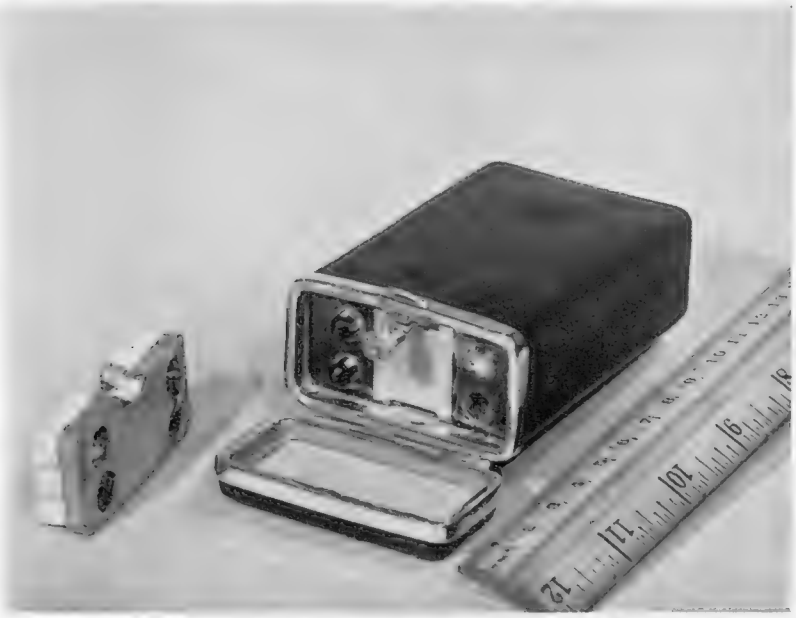
In Bonn, Captain Khoklov, of the M.V.D., Tells the Strange Story of an Assassination that Went Wrong

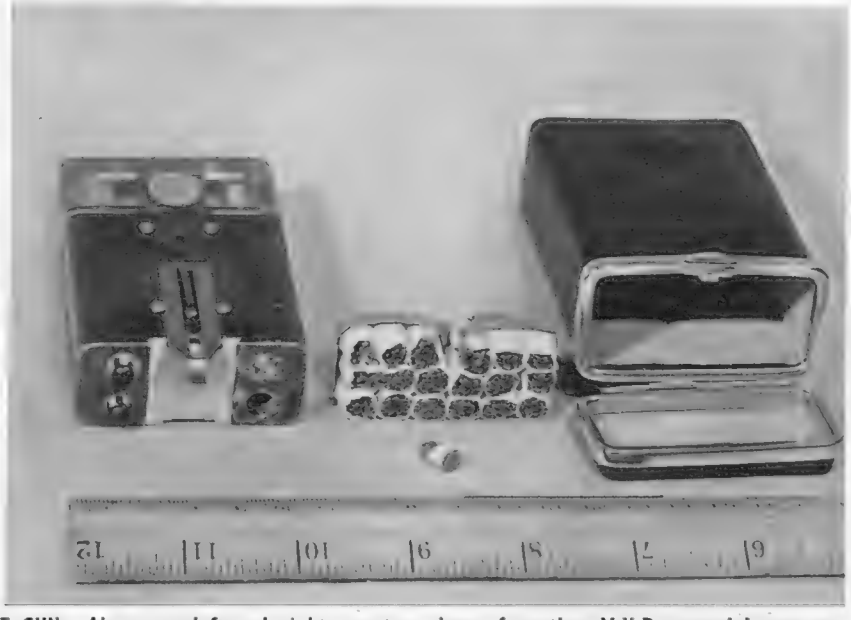
Last week at a Bonn Press conference called by the American High Commissioner, a spy story was broken which made the ingenuities of thriller-writers look pretty pale and thin. Captain Nikolai Khoklov, an agent of the Soviet's secret police, the M.V.D., had been detailed to murder in Frankfurt an important member of an anti-Communist White Russian organisation, one Georgi Sergeyevich Okolovich. Two East German Communists—Hans Kukowicz and Kurt Weber—were to help.

The team trained together in Moscow and were taught how to handle the elaborately-contrived murder guns which are illustrated on this page. But, when the assassination had been planned to the last detail, there came a hitch. The murder was postponed. Khoklov, left in Moscow with only time to kill, talked to his wife Yanina about his mission. She was horrified.

The time came when, by devious routes, the three conspirators met in Frankfurt. Khoklov was with them in body but not in spirit. His wife—who, for a Muscovite, had some curiously old-fashioned ideas about "Thou shalt not kill"—had put him off his murderous mission. Khoklov called on Okolovich and told him the whole story.

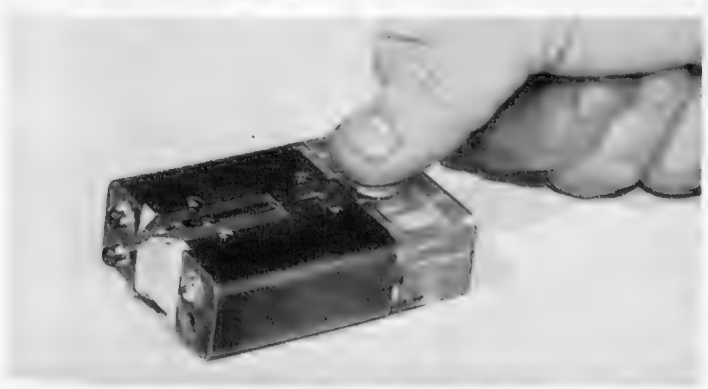
Khoklov is now a free man. Okolovich is still alive. The fate of Mrs. Yanina Khoklov in Moscow is uncertain.





THE CIGARETTE GUN: *Above, on left* and *right*, are two views of another M.V.D. assassin's weapon. Disguised as a cigarette case, with a false layer of butts to conceal the mechanism, the gun's safety-catch is released by opening the case to offer the intended victim a cigarette.

THE CIGARETTE GUN: *Above* and *below*—Two more views of the M.V.D.'s ingenious assassination weapon. The lower picture shows how the gun is triggered-off. This gadget was loaded with cyanide bullets, soft-nosed dum-dums with enough cyanide in them to kill ten men if it got into their mouths, or 100 if it got into their bloodstream. It penetrates effectively at 25 ft.



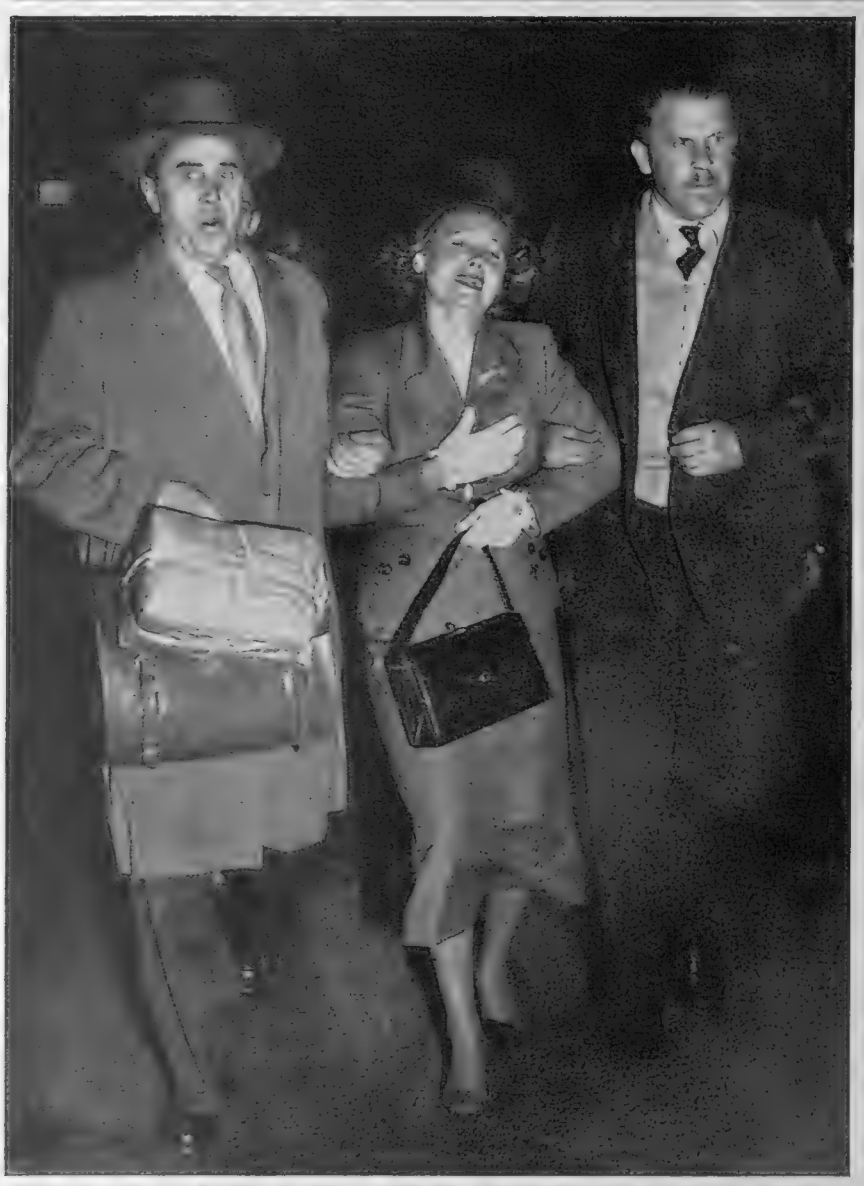
WOULD-BE VICTIM AND WOULD-BE ASSASSIN: Captain Nikolai Khoklov (on right) is seen at the Bonn Press conference with his intended victim, Georgi Okolovich, member of the executive committee of N.T.S.—a White Russian anti-Communist movement in Frankfurt. Khoklov says he was persuaded to abandon his mission by his wife, who is (or was) still living in Moscow.

THE ESCAPE OF MRS. PETROV

After being hustled through an Angry Crowd at Sydney on to a Moscow-bound Plane, Mrs. Petrov chose at the last minute to stay with her Husband in Australia

On left—

STAGE ONE—MRS. PETROV LEAVES THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN CANBERRA FOR SYDNEY AIRPORT: Shortly after her husband, Vladimir Petrov, Third Secretary at the Russian Embassy, had been granted political asylum in Australia, two couriers flew out from Moscow to escort Mrs. Petrov back to Russia. In the front of the car is courier V. Karpinsky. Taking pictures from the back of the car is Second Secretary F. V. Kislitsin, who was recalled to Moscow to explain the defection of Petrov. Beside him are the other courier, P. Jarkov, and Mrs. Petrov. At the airport, the battle for Mrs. Petrov's future—Russia or Australia—was to begin.



WEEPING MRS. PETROV IS ESCORTED ABOARD THE PLANE: When the party reached the airport there were angry demonstrations against the Russians. Among the demonstrators were many who were refugees from Iron Curtain countries.

ANOTHER COMMUNIST GUARDIAN TAKES HER ARM: A dishevelled official takes over; on the other side walks the chauffeur who drove them to the airport. In the struggle to reach the plane through the crowd, Mrs. Petrov lost one of her shoes.

A QUIETER PART OF THE JOURNEY: Mrs. Petrov hobbles across the tarmac with the rest of the Russian party. When she left Sydney she believed that her husband, who had turned over vital documents to the Australian Government, was dead.

The dramatic decision of Vladimir Petrov, Third Secretary of the Russian Embassy in Canberra, to hand over to the Australian Government details of Soviet spy organisations and to ask for asylum had an equally dramatic sequel. When his defection became known, his wife Evikoya was confined to the Embassy; two couriers were flown out from Moscow with orders to bring her home.

When she arrived at Mascot Airfield, Sydney, escorted by the tough-looking couriers, she became the centre of extraordinary demonstrations. The crowd, many of them refugees from Iron Curtain countries who have settled in Australia, were convinced she was being kidnapped and tried to stop her leaving. Demonstrators tried to pull away the boarding-steps at the plane, and Second Secretary Kislitsin, who was flying back with her, and the two couriers were all roughly handled. Russian-speaking members of the crowd reported that they had heard Mrs. Petrov protesting her unwillingness to leave. This started a chain of events which ended at the plane's next stop—Darwin, in Northern Territory.

The Australian Government had already taken the precautionary measure of having a Russian-speaking police agent aboard the plane. Though neither he nor the airliner's crew thought that force was being used to get her on to the plane, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, heard reports of the great feeling aroused at the airport. He then instructed both the captain of the plane and Mr. Leydin, the Northern Territory Administrator, to sound Mrs. Petrov on her true wishes. This Mr. Leydin did—and found that Mrs. Petrov would have liked to stay in Australia but believed that her husband was dead. The couriers tried to prevent Leydin speaking to her but Australian police seized them and disarmed both of them. After a 'phone conversation with her husband, who was in hiding in Canberra, she decided to stay.

The Russians protested violently at this turn of events, Kislitsin saying that the Australians had infringed the diplomatic rights of his party. Angrily he said: "What is your freedom?—just a lot of police and gunmen." They continued their journey on the plane as far as Beirut, where they were met by officials of the Soviet Legation.

The Russians now say, as they said of Igor Gouzenko, the man who exposed the Canadian spy ring, that Petrov had been stealing Embassy funds and that the documents he turned over were forgeries. On the Australian Government's refusal to hand the Petrovs over, the Soviet Government then severed diplomatic relations.

DISTRESSED AND NEAR COLLAPSE, MRS. PETROV IS HUSTLED ALONG: *Above* and *on right* can be seen the sad state that she was in. But the Russian-speaking members of the crowd reported Mrs. Petrov's distressed protests. Moves were set afoot so that Mrs. Petrov could be questioned at Darwin, in Northern Territory.

THE CROWD TRIES TO DRAG THE RUSSIANS BACK: Demonstrators also tried to pull the boarding-steps from the plane.

On left—
ANGRY FISTS ARE SHAKEN AT THE DEPARTING RUSSIANS: Many of the demonstrators were Czechs and other refugees from Iron Curtain countries who have settled in Australia.

On right—
EMPTY-HANDED, THE RUSSIANS LEAVE DARWIN: At Darwin, Mr. Leydin, the Northern Territory Administrator, had a talk with her. So did her husband—by 'phone. She then decided to stay. The Russian couriers, protesting violently, were seized by Australian police and disarmed. Now, as a result of the Petrov affair, Russia has broken off diplomatic relations.

THE BADMINTON TRIALS

Several Members of the Royal Family were Among the Large Crowd that Watched the Olympic Horse Trials at the Duke of Beaufort's Badminton Estate

THE START OF THE STEEPLECHASE: The Royal visitors to Badminton watch the first rider to start in the second day's event of the three-day Olympic Horse Trials — the cross-country and steeplechase race.

NUMBER FIVE SETS OFF: Captain G. G. R. Boon crosses the starting-line, watched by the Royal party. To the right of the Queen Mother is Lady Caroline Somerset; beside Princess Margaret is Mrs. Mike Ansell.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRESSAGE TEST: The dressage test is followed the next day by a cross-country event; on the last day the jumping is held. The trials add up to a most exacting all-round test of skill, discipline and stamina for horse and rider

THE DRESSAGE RING: From the pavilion on the right of the picture the Royal guests of the Duke of Beaufort watched Mr. Ian Dudgeon on Spahi competing in the dressage. The judges seemed harder on the dressage faults than last year and most competitors suffered a heavy loss of marks. Lady competitors, who did extremely well in the dressage, were still holding their own by the end of the second day. Miss M. Hough, who won the dressage, eventually won the whole event.

ROYAL SPECTATORS AT THE BADMINTON THREE-DAY EVENT: In the foreground of the pavilion are Princess Margaret, Lady Caroline Somerset, Lord Irwin and Mr. David Somerset; the Queen Mother can be seen in the background. They were watching the dressage test, which takes up the first day of these Olympic Horse Trials, and were staying for the three days of the event with the Duke of Beaufort, on whose estate the trials were held. There was bright sunshine on the first day, which drew a large crowd, but there was also a cold easterly wind. At the end of the dressage test, five of the first six places were taken by women. Miss M. Hough, riding the Olympic reserve mare, Bambi V, was first with 104 penalty points; she was later the first woman to win the whole event. Miss D. Mason on Tramella was second with 106; she was eventually placed third. Major Lawrence Rook, who won the event last year, was not well placed.

ROYALTY RELAXES

In the Sunshine at Badminton the Duke of Beaufort's Royal Guests Watched the Three-day Event in Almost Picnic Style

A DAY IN THE SUN FOR THE ROYAL PARTY AT BADMINTON: The Royal Party relaxes on the grass in front of the crowd. Left to right, they are: Prince William, the Duchess and Duke of Gloucester, Prince Richard, Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother, and Lady Caroline Somerset. The sun blazed down all day for the opening of the British Horse Society's Olympic Trials, though there was a keen east wind for which, presumably, the hard-worked horses and riders were grateful.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN DENMARK

A GLIMPSE AT THE FRIENDLY LAND WHERE THE PEOPLE GIVE THEIR FOREIGN GUESTS A HEARTY WELCOME

By GORDON COOPER

OF the various countries in Europe I've visited—and this includes them all—Denmark is without any doubt in my mind the one where I feel most at home. The Danes, in fact, give their foreign guests the heartiest welcome on the Continent; and unless you are a curmudgeon—in which case you should not really go abroad at all—you will find yourself received with open arms and an almost staggering hospitality, and not merely as a revenue-producing tourist. You will find, too, that almost everyone you meet there speaks English, everyone obviously admires Britain and likes the British, and will go out of their way to help us; while as for Shakespeare's "Melancholy Dane," well, I've yet to meet him. Indeed, there is no jollier, laughter-loving people on the face of the earth than the Danes, as they are also the most civilised. You'll appreciate the truth of this last assertion when you see their manner of life and study their high level of social achievement.

Let me stress the fact, therefore, that when you come to visit Denmark the premier tourist attraction is the people who live there. Next in holiday appeal I would place Copenhagen, the capital, where a third of the country's 4,500,000 inhabitants live. As an entertainment centre it should satisfy even the most exacting visitor. You sometimes hear the city referred to as the "Paris of the North"; but the Danes, with good reason, prefer to call Paris the "Copenhagen of the South." Comparisons, we know, are usually odious, but there is one outstanding difference to-day between the two capitals in that you can have a wonderful time in Copenhagen at far less cost than in Paris, and what you do spend does not have to be deducted from your basic currency allowance.

While Copenhagen has its full share of interesting guide-book sights, it has also a variety of other attractions, some of which I will briefly mention. Firstly, there are the incomparable Tivoli Gardens, in the heart of the city, where 100 years of experience provides an evening's entertainment which is unique of its kind as well as offering appeal to both highbrow and lowbrow. Perhaps the very essence of this bewitching spot is to be found in its "Tivoli Guards," a diminutive corps and a junior replica of the regular Royal Guards. When this tiny army swings its way along the paths of the park grown-ups and children alike come running to watch it pass by. Leading the column is the boy-band, while following it are the drummers, tiny fellows, some of whom seem even smaller than the drums they handle so expertly.

Another outstanding attraction at the Tivoli is the nightly pantomime show, the only one of its kind in the world, where the old, original pantomimes with Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin are performed with all the traditional burlesques, and with the original musical scores. The mature stage enthusiast will love this show just as much as the modern child.

Next I take you to the Circus Schumann, the world's most delightful circus, in my opinion. Here you see horses swirling and cavorting, but always under perfect control, for the Schumann family have been carrying on their equestrian tradition for over a century. Then, if you are in luck, as I was during a recent visit, you will also see in this circus that best of all living clowns, the now-elderly Charlie Rivels.

Even though, like me, you may not be a nighthawk by nature, the lure and whirl of Copenhagen's night-life will surely grip you. There are scores of places to which you can go for enjoyment, with the added attraction that you will not be ruined by tourist exploitation. In fact, the equivalent of £1 goes a long way. In the summer months the most popular place with the Copenhagers is the Bakken, a huge amusement park lying on the outskirts of the city, where even the most sedate of citizens can be seen mingling heartily in the Fraternity of Fun-Seekers. Another typical Danish after-dark Mecca is Lorry. In one of its great rooms, called Landsbyen ("the home of Danish humour"), the walls are decorated to look like the house-fronts of a medieval town. Here entertainment ranges all the way from juggling acts to live horses prancing on the stage. Here, too, one sees a new sight on the audience side of the footlights—cigar-smoking women. It's an old Danish custom that never fails to give the British tourist a bit of a start.

Not least of the joys of a holiday in Denmark is eating—a major occupation with the Danes. In Copenhagen there is a wide choice of restaurants, few of which are in the expensive class. In this category there are two excellent, intimate places which I can recommend: the Coq d'Or and the De 7 sma Hjem. For fish specialities, try Krog's Fiskerestaurant, down by the docks; while for those who like a lively atmosphere there is Wivex, a large and sumptuous cafe-restaurant with adjoining terraces, one opening on the Tivoli Gardens, another on Vesterbrogade, the city's main western artery.

Every visitor will also wish to visit the famous Oskar Davidsen's Restaurant, which has a menu 4 ft. long and 9 ins. wide. It lists nearly 200 varieties of *smörrebröd*, which can be served at choice with four different kinds of bread. Although your curiosity may not run to choosing Swedish bird's-nest or hot fried eel, you should not miss one of the famous shrimp open-sandwiches. On a pyramid portion there are 180-200 shrimps, and twenty-four girls do nothing all day but peel this tiny fish and arrange it in neat rows on the bread. As a following course, there is another Davidsen speciality, thin, crisp pancakes, fried in butter and wrapped around vanilla ice-cream, and this can be digested with some blackcurrant rum.

The most exciting time to be in Copenhagen, or Denmark generally, is on Midsummer's Eve (St. Hans Aften), when bonfires are ablaze in order to drive away the witches; but I have also a curious fancy to be present on the day the midwives pass their final examinations and celebrate the event by dancing around the Stork Statue, an interesting feature of the Amagertorv.

For anyone contemplating a fortnight's holiday in Denmark, I suggest that a week be spent in Copenhagen, as a centre, the balance either in travelling around or at some resort. It is important, however, to make a room reservation in advance in the capital, for the hotels there are always full. Incidentally, the National Tourist Association of Denmark and the Tourist Association of Copenhagen, both adjoining the Central Station, can be extremely helpful and will even, if asked, put you in touch with a Danish family desirous of playing host. Every profession and occupation is listed in this fine demonstration of international friendship.

ANCIENT AND MODERN AT ELSINORE: A corner of the harbour showing the shipyard and (right background) Kronborg Castle. *Hamlet* will be played in the courtyard of the Castle during June by the Old Vic Company.

Using Copenhagen as a base, daily excursions can easily be made to places such as Kronborg Castle, at Elsinore, where on June 18 and for ten successive nights the courtyard is the scene of performances of *Hamlet*, to be played this year by the Old Vic Company, with Fay Compton, Claire Bloom and Richard Burton; Fredensborg Castle, the summer home of the Royal family, with its lovely adjoining park; Frederikssund, where on June 15 and 26 there is to be a great Viking Festival, with hundreds of players re-enacting scenes from ancient Danish history; and Frederiksborg Palace, a magnificent early seventeenth-century building which now houses the National Historical Museum.

Eighteen miles west of Copenhagen is Roskilde, with its famous cathedral, the burial-place of Denmark's kings and queens. Then, also on the island of Zealand, there is at Trælleborg the remains of a Viking fortress. For those who seek a seaside resort, I can recommend Hornbæk, not far from Elsinore, which has an excellent beach. I found there the Hotel Hornbækhus to be very pleasant and reasonable in price.

Touring Denmark can be done in various ways, including by cycle, the popular Danish mode of transportation, and in certain cases by the use of overnight steamers which ply between Copenhagen and Bornholm, Aarhus and Aalborg. Inquire *before* leaving home about the possible economy of a State Railways 8- or 15-day season ticket.

THE KING'S RESIDENCE IN COPENHAGEN: Amalienborg Palace is near the waterfront of the country's capital; across the harbour is the Naval Yard. The four uniform buildings of the Palace were erected in the mid-eighteenth century.

On a sightseeing tour of the country, Odense, the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, must surely be included in your itinerary. Apart from its connection with the famous author, the city itself is most attractive. It has a splendid church, dedicated to St. Knud (Canute), which was erected in the thirteenth century. I think, too, you should not miss visiting the Funen Village (Den fynske Landsby)—an interesting open-air museum of typical rural buildings relating to the island of Funen.

There is an even finer open-air museum in Aarhus, where "The Old Town" is one of the outstanding things of its kind in Europe. Not far from Aarhus is Ebeltoft, an idyllic "toy" town, and then to the west is the Silkeborg lake district, where you might well like to spend a few days. Apart from boating on the lakes, there is a splendid long-distance river trip that can be made by canoe. Canoes can be hired locally.

Farther north, in Jutland, there are also good yachting facilities on the Limjefjord, while along the sea coast there are splendid sands and pleasant little resorts. For a family holiday, the island of Fano, close to Esbjerg, is to be recommended. Not only are the sands some of the finest in Europe, but there is plenty of hotel and pension accommodation, while not least in importance is its easy proximity to England.

Lastly, I must make brief mention of the island of Bornholm, in the Baltic. I regard it as one of the most delightful isles of Europe. I urge you to go there—to Gudhjem or Sandvig, perhaps, both colourful fishing villages, with pleasant hotel accommodation.

For further information about Denmark, apply to the Danish Travel Association; or to the Danish Tourist Bureau for sea and rail tickets. The address for both organisations is 71, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Inquiries concerning TRAVEL matters should be addressed to: "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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THE "KRONPRINS FREDERIK" SAILS AGAIN

THE DANISH PASSENGER LINER UNDERGOES HER TRIALS ON THE SOUND FOLLOWING EXTENSIVE RENOVATION AT THE ELSINORE SHIPYARDS: She is due to reach Harwich to-morrow (Sunday) for her reintroduction on the Harwich-Esbjerg route after an absence of thirteen months. The extensive repairs to the ship were made necessary by the disastrous fire at Harwich last year. The fire in the 3,895-ton mailboat first broke out when the vessel's cargo of butter, cheese and fish was in process of being unloaded. Fire brigades were called from all parts of Essex to fight the blaze, but by five o'clock the next morning the scarred ship had slipped into the water of the River Stour. A substitute vessel was immediately put into service on the Harwich-Esbjerg route, but another ship, the *Parkeston*, had to join forces in order to cope with the summer traffic. After being righted the *Kronprins Frederik* was towed back to Denmark for the renovation, the task of salvage being undertaken by the Liverpool and Glasgow Salvage Association.

A ROYAL EXPLORER TALKS IT OVER

On left—
EX-KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS DISCUSSES HIS CROSSING OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA: He is seen at a jungle air strip, listening to 2nd Lieut. N. Ibarra, the guide for the expedition. On the left is Salvador Sans, who had flown down to the airstrip on behalf of the Princess de Rethy seeking information of Leopold's approach.

On right—
HE KEPT HIS PROMISE: Mr. Rupert Speir, Conservative M.P. for Hexham, Northumberland, takes a bite out of his "hat." He said he would do this if the fuel tax was not cut in the Budget. To fulfil his promise he had a sweet cake made in the shape of a "boater," and ate part of it.

AN M.P. EATS HIS "HAT"

A TRIPLE CRASH ON AN AMERICAN HIGHWAY

THE WRECKAGE OF THREE CARS BLOCKS THE GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY AT HOLLIS COURT BOULEVARD, QUEENS, NEW YORK CITY: Two persons were injured in this early-morning crash involving three cars, and east- and westbound traffic on the highway was held up until towing trucks had removed the wreckage. The accident occurred during the Easter holiday.

SISTERS SAIL INTO SOUTHAMPTON

SIMILAR FASHIONS FOR AMERICAN TWIN SISTERS: Thelma Lady Furness (left) and Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt seen at Southampton following their arrival in the S.S. *United States*. They have come to England for a holiday, their first here for about four years. For Lady Furness it was the 124th time she had crossed the Atlantic. In London Mrs. Vanderbilt has been walking with the aid of a stick. She fell and broke an ankle when alighting from her car, laden with parcels.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE LAST MONTHS OF WAR

In the Last Volume of His War Memoirs, Sir Winston Churchill Covers the Period from D-Day to VE-Day, and the Change in Government

THE sixth and final volume of Sir Winston Churchill's imposing history of THE SECOND WORLD WAR: TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY (Cassell. 30s.) covers the period from D-Day to VE-Day, the Potsdam Conference, the General Election, and ends with Sir Winston's message to the British people when the results of that election put a new Government into power. On that occasion Lady Churchill suggested to her husband that it might well be a blessing in disguise. "I replied: 'At the moment it seems quite effectively disguised.'" The message itself ended in characteristic style:

"It only remains for me to express to the British people, for whom I have acted in these perilous years, my profound gratitude for the unflinching, unswerving support which they have given me during my task, and for the many expressions of kindness which they have shown towards their servant."

The scope of this volume, from June 1944 to July 1945, includes not only the final phase of the war and the invasion of Europe, but such historic landmarks as the bombardment of England by V.1's and rockets, the terrible martyrdom of Warsaw, the death of Roosevelt, and the squalid murder of Mussolini and his mistress, the suicide of Hitler, the far-reaching decisions of the Conferences of Yalta and Potsdam, the first use of the atom bomb in war, and the unconditional surrender of the enemy.

No one familiar with Sir Winston's use of words, whether spoken or written, will be surprised to find that in these 600 or 700 pages, with their masterly and lucid expositions of politics and battles and their majestic periods, there should also be room for some excellent anecdotes, related in the Premier's inimitably terse and witty way.

In a series of appendices, lists of abbreviations and code names of operations are given—Colonel Warden and Admiral Q were respectively Churchill and Roosevelt, for instance—as well as many of Sir Winston's speeches and personal minutes, and a list of the Ministers during the relevant period.

DARK GLASSES FOR DR. EDITH SITWELL: The poetess-historian-novelist, who put on dark glasses as she came ashore, sits with her brother, Sir Osbert, as she is interviewed by the press on arrival at Southampton from New York. Dr. Edith has been in Hollywood completing the screen-play for Columbia Pictures' production of her historical play, *Fanfare for Elizabeth*.

The next book is by a Frenchwoman who is capable of writing a passage that is anywhere between the enchanting and the humdrum without taking its feet for one moment off the ground. In other words, Mrs. Robert Henrey can write with great charm about the *minutiæ* of her day-to-day life, and can reflect philosophically on the strange turns that that life provides for her and her acquaintances, but she will always be concerned with facts rather than with more abstruse truths.

A MONTH IN PARIS (Dent. 16s.), quite literally embellished by a portrait in crayons of the author, is an account of that length of time spent by her last spring in a *chic* little attic in a *chic* big hotel directly across the way from the best dressmaker in the world. During the month, Mrs. Henrey spent most of her days working, and the remainder of her time seeing such old and faithful friends as the Begum Aga Khan, and such new and rewarding ones as a children's surgeon, a Lebanese bride, the girl who looked after the hotel showcases, a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, a well-known jeweller, a cinema attendant, a Greek shoemaker, and the chef who cooks for the hotel servants in the canteen which Madame Henrey sometimes frequents. "Oh, happy, feminine world!" she writes at one point, and one could add, happy the feminine writer with the resolution to choose, and point, her own theme.

ANGELICA (Heinemann. 21s.) is the biography, by Adeline Hartcup, of a rare creature, a woman who became a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and who was one of the most successful, famous and prosperous artists of the eighteenth century. Nearly 200 years later our taste in things artistic has changed so much that, by the analogy of the pendulum, it is almost due to swing back to an appreciation of those slender boyish heroes and that weak picturing of the emotions, of which her friend Goethe wrote in the course of an otherwise appreciative passage.

Angelica Kauffmann was Swiss but, nevertheless (if the ambiguous word will be forgiven), became renowned as an artist and much befriended as a person, in England and in Italy. Her early fame was over here, where Nathaniel Dance, Fuseli and Joshua Reynolds were reputed, in turn, to be her unsuccessful suitors, and where she married, first an impostor and a bigamist and, later in life, an elderly painter. Her renown was not based on the brilliance or notoriety of her adventures, but on the immense popularity of her allegorical paintings and architectural decorations. In spite of one unlucky and one dull marriage, her life could be accounted peaceful and agreeable, as well as brilliant, and the writer shows how much of the affection and regard in which she was held was based on her gentle, retiring but candid character.

Mr. Randolph S. Churchill has described FIFTEEN FAMOUS ENGLISH HOMES (Verschoyle. 25s.) in a volume whose few, but good photographs make one regret that their number could not have been increased, even at the expense of the text, which is too often an abridged history of the house's families, rather than *vice versa*.

Miss Daphne du Maurier's new novel is based, and presumably soundly based, on fact, for MARY ANNE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the story of her own great-great-grandmother, Mary Anne Clarke, a lively and engaging young woman who made up for a lack of breeding and beauty by shapeliness, abundant vitality and very expressive eyes. Her mother was a woman of some refinement; her stepfather, proof-reader to a small printer, and it was from reading the pamphlets and broadsheets brought home in smudged sheets of copy that Mary Anne was to get her earliest practical education.

Later, she married, and it was to her credit that the match was made for love, but he was a poor creature and relied on Mary Anne's ingenuity for his living, and the children's. When drinking became a more regular employment to him than stone-masonry, Mary Anne decided to take more drastic steps for her family's support, and after an experiment or two was installed in a London house, her children, nurse and servants with her, as mistress to the Duke of York.

Mary Anne Clarke, in spite of her attractions, had a relatively short reign in this position; her income, and eventually her notoriety, were to come from her businesslike and lucrative traffic in Army commissions. The Duke was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, in love and suggestible, and where he hesitated, she had other helpful colleagues. The scandal, when it broke, was enormous, shattered the Duke's reputation, and swept her, after two subsequent trials, one of them for libel, to the King's Bench prison for nine months.

She travelled in France with her two daughters after her release, and lived to see them married before she herself died at Boulogne in 1852. A lusty, stormy life that defined its own tragedy, and that has been written with the verve and candour it deserves.

Miss Helen Ashton's romance of the same period is really complementary since it is concerned not only with the Duke of York "and his handsome mistress Mrs. Clarke, [who] had been selling Army commissions" but with the world of Brighton, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, Carlton House and Windsor, all as seen through the eyes of a servant in the Royal households. FOOTMAN IN POWDER (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a book that I read with interest, for in spite of its deliberate pace it, too, has the fascination of the authentic about it.

THE TIME IT TAKES (Hodder and Stoughton 12s. 6d.) is Ann Stafford's novel about two cousins who grow up during the 1914-18 war as girls sharing the same home and the same sporadic education, and later as rebellious, but essentially innocent, young women in post-war Paris. There, the excitements they can achieve are limited but matters for mutual congratulation; later, in suburban England and a dim district of London, their boredom is expressed in ways as different as their natures, till the second war arbitrarily resolves their lives for them. An honest and sensitively-told story, often dangerously true to the tedium of life.

Mr. Henry Wade is one of those writers of detective stories whose particular gift is to treat even the most sensational material with the calm of common sense. GOLD WAS OUR GRAVE (Constable. 10s. 6d.) is, for instance, concerned with murders and mines and fast cars and stilettos, but such is the step-by-step deliberation of its development, that the pulse beats no faster, even while the reason applauds. And that is probably an excellent thing, for a spring day.

The composite portrait which Mr. Richard Aldington has drawn in PINORMAN (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is of three friends who delighted in each other's company and in the company of the biographer, who knew them so well, journeyed, dined, talked and laughed with them, and who alone survives them. Norman Douglas, most generally and easily connected with the title of his novel, *South Wind*; Pino Orioli, the Florentine bookseller, and Charles Prentice, the London publisher, were all three exceptional for different reasons, and combined such wit, such erudition, such worldliness, such toughness and such gaiety as one will not meet together once in a decade.

It is not this reviewer's purpose to point out in what proportions which men were gifted with these qualities and particularities, nor which of them was the most lovable character, though that may be clear from a reading of the book. It is enough to say that this is, as a book, completely *sui generis*, provocative, audacious, affectionate, and consistent in expecting from the reader the understanding that would have been required from him as another member of one of those fabulous meetings.

A PLYMOUTH BROTHER IN TIBET

The Adventures of a Muscular Christian

A book with the somewhat tame, trite title TIBETAN JOURNEY, does not exactly conjure up modern-day adventuring; rather has it the tang of an earlier era when young Army officers on long leave ventured over the Bhutanese border in the direction of forbidden Lhasa. George N. Patterson's TIBETAN JOURNEY (Faber and Faber. 15s.) is full of surprises, however. The journey is out of (not into) Tibet. The adventurer is a Plymouth Brother, a vigorous young Christian with a cause to fight for—the cause of suffering humanity—and a desire to do good in the backward places of the world. He went out to Tibet in 1947 and, accompanied by a friend, they set up a medical mission in one of the easternmost provinces. In 1950 it became necessary for Mr. Patterson to get back to India to obtain vital supplies. In his book he tells of that great journey across the desolate, windy mountain passes, and in vigorous English conjures up the day-to-day scene, not least the early-morning tussle to arise, and the moment of "out-spanning" at night, when yak-dung fires provided the only warmth. The opening chapter, in which the author describes a last-minute operation which he performed on a Tibetan woman before taking his departure, is a fine piece of realistic writing; also the description of the horse race in which he had a bandit chief for his rival. This is a grand adventure book that reflects the personality of a modern, muscular Christian venturing with high hope upon the loneliest trails.

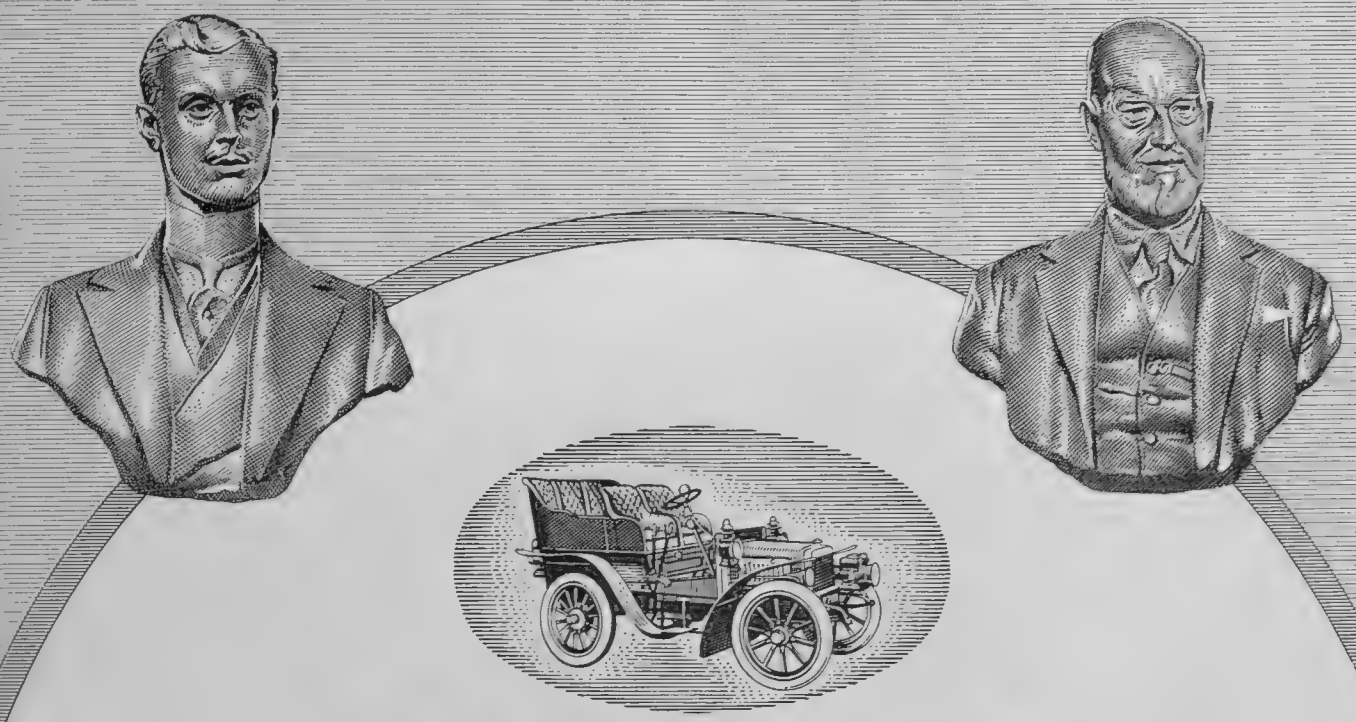
A volume of special political interest, although not perhaps of wide appeal—for people do not seem to care to delve very deeply into the political structure of things—is Herbert Morrison's GOVERNMENT AND PARLIAMENT (Oxford University Press; London, Geoffrey Cumberlege. 21s.). This is not a Party political book, as the publishers make haste to let us know; its aim is to help the student of public affairs to understand the workings of Parliamentary democracy. Probably no man has a better knowledge of this complex machinery than Mr. Morrison, who has been both a Foreign Minister and a Home Secretary, and has been the head of a County Authority (the L.C.C.). Mr. Morrison contributes a valuable chapter on Party organisation in Parliament, stressing in particular the very heavy labours of M.P.s, whom he regrets to see too heavily burdened at Westminster when they should really have time to get about more and see conditions at first hand. The Mother of Parliaments can be a very distracting place at times, and it could possibly help itself, says Mr. Morrison, if it did not attempt to control in undue detail matters of local government and also the nationalised industries. Even so, a Minister has a great deal of day-to-day detail that is unavoidable, and the author shows how the Minister and his Civil Servants, functioning as a live and virile partnership, can work things out together in mutual respect and to the public advantage. Altogether this is a most rewarding book and it has that certain brisk Morrisonian touch about it from which nothing can detract.

An aura of modern-day publicity surrounds the name of Roberta Cowell, the surgeon's son who is now proclaimed as a woman. It is inevitable, therefore, that her autobiography, ROBERTA COWELL'S STORY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), should be considered at first glance in the light of all the highly-coloured Press announcements that have gone before. Inevitable though it is, and self-sought though it may have been, it is far from fair. Canon Millbourn, of Bristol, who writes the introduction to Roberta's self-revelation, is careful to explain some of the many moral and theological complications in this matter originally involving the surgeon and the endocrinologist. Roberta Cowell tells her story in a strictly factual manner, and it can be hazarded that most readers will find themselves very much more sympathetic at the finish than at the start of the book; but people will still want to know why she put away her past in such a blaze of Press publicity so at variance with this modest autobiography.

Hassoldt Davis and his wife Ruth have been exploring French Guiana, with its dreaded penal settlement, St. Laurent de Moroni, or Devil's Island, and its almost unknown hinterland, the country of the Roucouyenne Indians. The result is an illustrated book of absorbing and varied interest. They call it THE JUNGLE AND THE DAMNED (Harrap. 15s.), and the main part of the story is concerned with their exploratory journey up the Maroni River.

Francis M. Guercio, Lecturer in Italian at the University of London, has carried out considerable revisions to the second edition of his story of SICILY (Faber and Faber. 30s.). To the history of the island from the earliest times he has added the story of the Fascist period, the Second World War, and the present move towards Sicilian separatism.

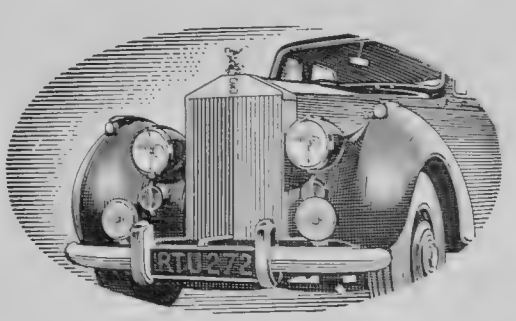
In BOUQUET FOR THE DOCTOR (Heinemann. 18s.), Dorothy Fisk highlights some of the great moments and achievements in the history of medicine. Sir Alexander Fleming writes the introduction to this very human story, which covers a great deal of ground, from the medicine-man in the jungle to the research team in the laboratory.

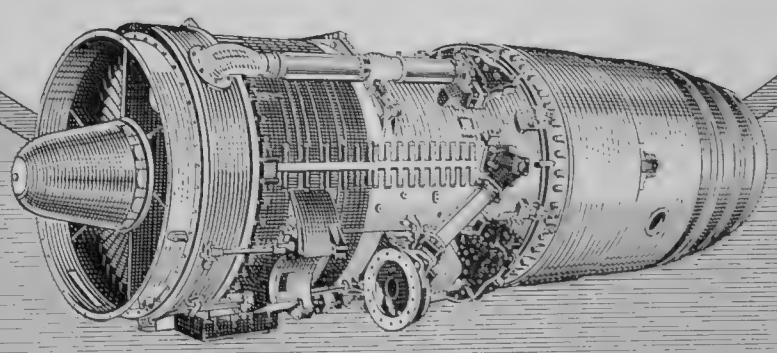


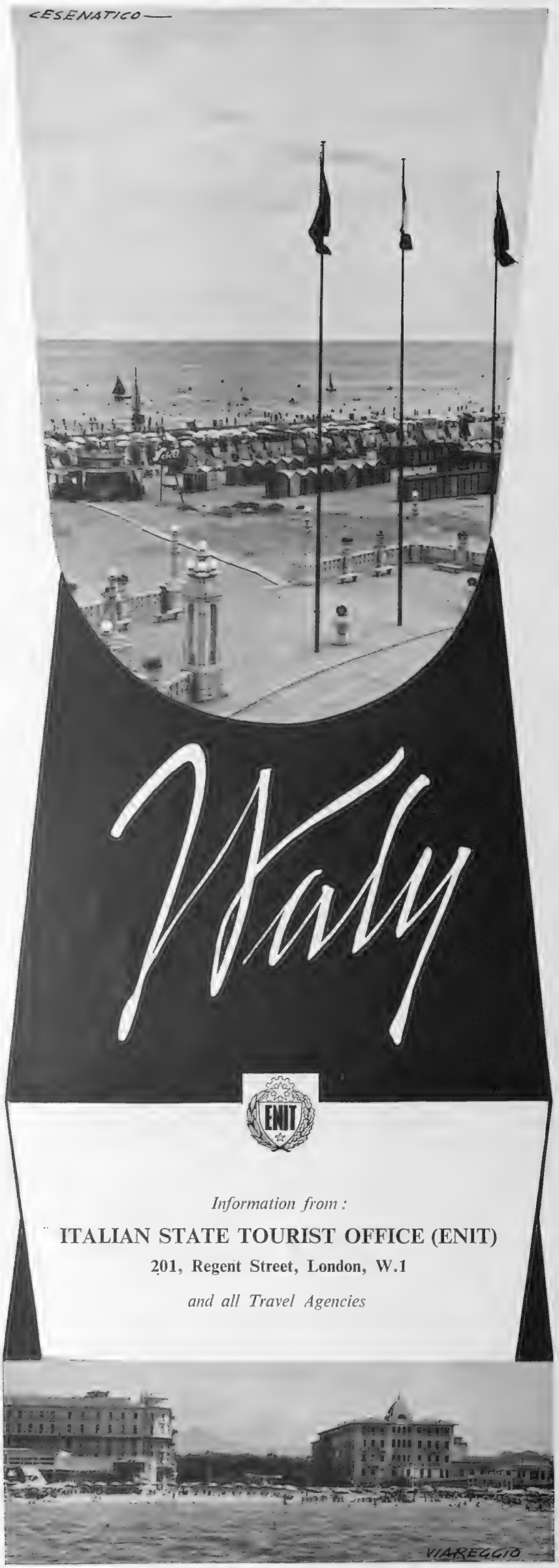
50 Years Ago

ROLLS met ROYCE

A Meeting that made Engineering History







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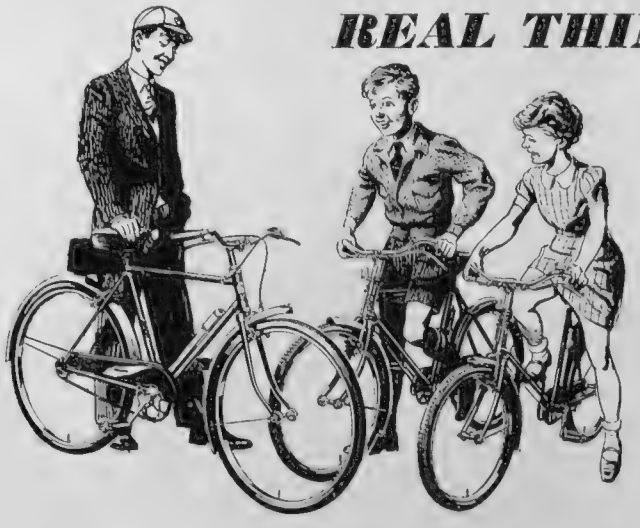

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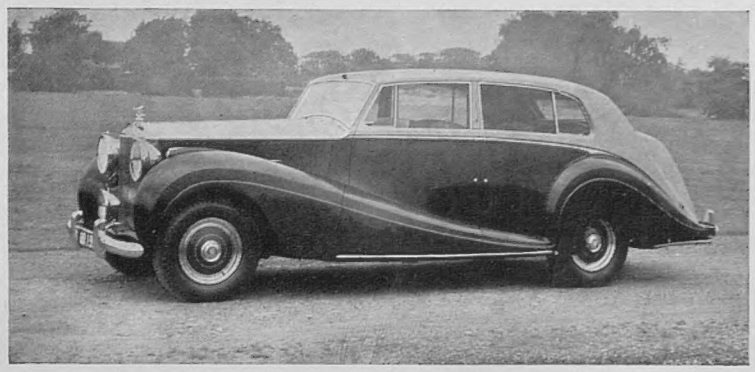

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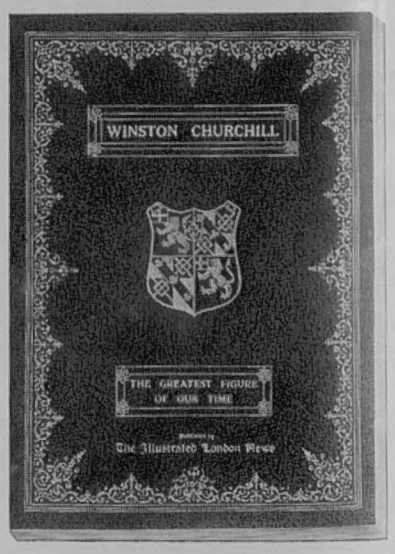

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GARDENS are such a feature of British hotels that we tend to take them for granted. Yet, what a lot of pleasure they provide for both young and old up and down the country.

In the month of May my thoughts turn to the Lincolnshire bulb fields, which are then at the height of their glory.

Either then or at some other period of the garden season you should visit Petwood Hotel at Woodhall Spa, one of the best-looking and best-run hotels in Britain. Apart from the private suites, peaceful charm, perfect food and service, the 22 acres of grounds are a feast in themselves, especially in the rhododendron and azalea seasons.

On the way North, if you are coming from London, call for a meal at the Cromwell Hotel, Stevenage, or the English Garden Hotel, Norman Cross, where the colourful gardens have an affinity with the floral displays in the dining and public rooms.

Turning our thoughts from the East to the West, The Elms Country House Hotel at Abberley comes into the mental picture. The mass display of daffodils may now be over, but the grass terraces, trim yew hedges and floral display will remain a constant picture right through to the fall.

For touring the Wye Valley, for pleasant lazy days in a deck chair or strolling around the estate, Pengethley Hotel, near Ross-on-Wye, takes a lot of beating. Here, apart from the views and lawns, anticipation is the key note, for not only are fruit, flowers and vegetables in active production, but Jersey cows and hens provide daily supplies of fresh milk and eggs.

There are some who ask for a combination of garden and sea, and two hotels immediately come to mind. The Imperial, Hythe, in Kent, and The Crag Head—" The garden to sea " hotel—on Bournemouth's East Cliff.

At Hythe, those on holiday bent could hardly find more comprehensive grounds. A nine-hole golf course, tennis, putting and croquet are all within the grounds, with plenty of sheltered nooks for sunny siestas.

At Crag Head Hotel, Bournemouth, the 3-acre grounds are a feast of colour at the height of their glory, and both gardens and glasshouses are contributory factors to the lovely floral decorations within.

Lancashire is not a county which looms readily to mind when thinking of gardens, but of the gardens of Eaves Hall Hotel, near Waddington, I know no equal. Wide terraces, smooth lawns, herbaceous borders, a dream of a swimming-pool surrounded by azaleas with, as a background, the sweeping hills of the Ribble Valley.

Further north there are sheltered corners of the Lake District, which lend themselves to picturesque gardens. Take Graythwaite Manor, looking down upon Grange-over-Sands. The grounds have a natural charm, to which has been added skilful landscape gardening, so winding paths lead to many pleasing vistas.

Langdale Chase Hotel, on the edge of Lake Windermere, has grounds of especial delight to garden lovers. Lawn and flower beds are terraced down to the water's edge.

Scotland has so much wild beauty that one does not tend to think of her hotels from a garden angle, yet she has some hotels where the grounds are a special feature.

Note Newton Hotel at Nairn, where the Misses Ellis, former proprietors of the Golf View and Golf Links Hotels, hold sway. Their present lovely home provides 25 acres of ground laid out in lawns, woodland and gardens, with a private entrance to the golf links. Beyond are sea views and the Ross-shire hills. What a lovely pitch for rest and recreation.

Southwick House Hotel grounds and 5,000-acre estate are renowned throughout Scotland. This lovely domain will be found 16 miles south-west of Dumfries and a mile only from the sandy shores of the Solway.

Ireland has some lovely hotels for garden lovers. Ballylickey House Hotel, Bantry, Co. Cork, will especially delight them. Here, with constant vistas of sea, river and mountains, with flower beds, lawns and parkland forming part of the picture, one can relax with complete restfulness. Open all the year round, Ballylickey House has an ever-welcoming appeal, with Mrs. Philip Graves providing always that additional lure—good food and wine.

Ashford Castle Hotel, at Cong, in Co. Mayo, is, of course, the classic example of holiday magnificence, with the surrounding estate forming an important part of the *tout ensemble*. It is difficult at Ashford Castle to know where the grounds begin and end. Suffice it to say that from the hotel landing stage is an unbroken stretch of water to Galway, 35 miles away.

Then, if and when these pursuits pall, one repairs to Ballynahinch Castle, Hotel, Co. Galway, where one can enjoy the best salmon and sea-trout fishing in Ireland.

I would like to end this article on a simple note for, to the bees and the birds, size has no significance. Dotted around the country are many small hotels (I wish that more of them would be content with the word " guest-house "), whose gardens, though small, are a haven of peace. Perhaps just a small patch of grass, a gnarled apple-tree, a deck chair and a book with a thrush or robin to keep one company.

Where would you like your patch of tranquillity? Name the county and I can probably suggest the spot.

Here are two which come to mind: Willow Cottage, Fishbourne, near Chichester, which, once part of an old coaching inn, has now been converted into a modernly appointed guest-house of thirteen bedrooms. The other—Old Thatch, Cheriton Bishop, 9 miles from Exeter on the A 30. A dream cottage complete with thatched roof, roses wreathing the door and a tiny garden at the back.

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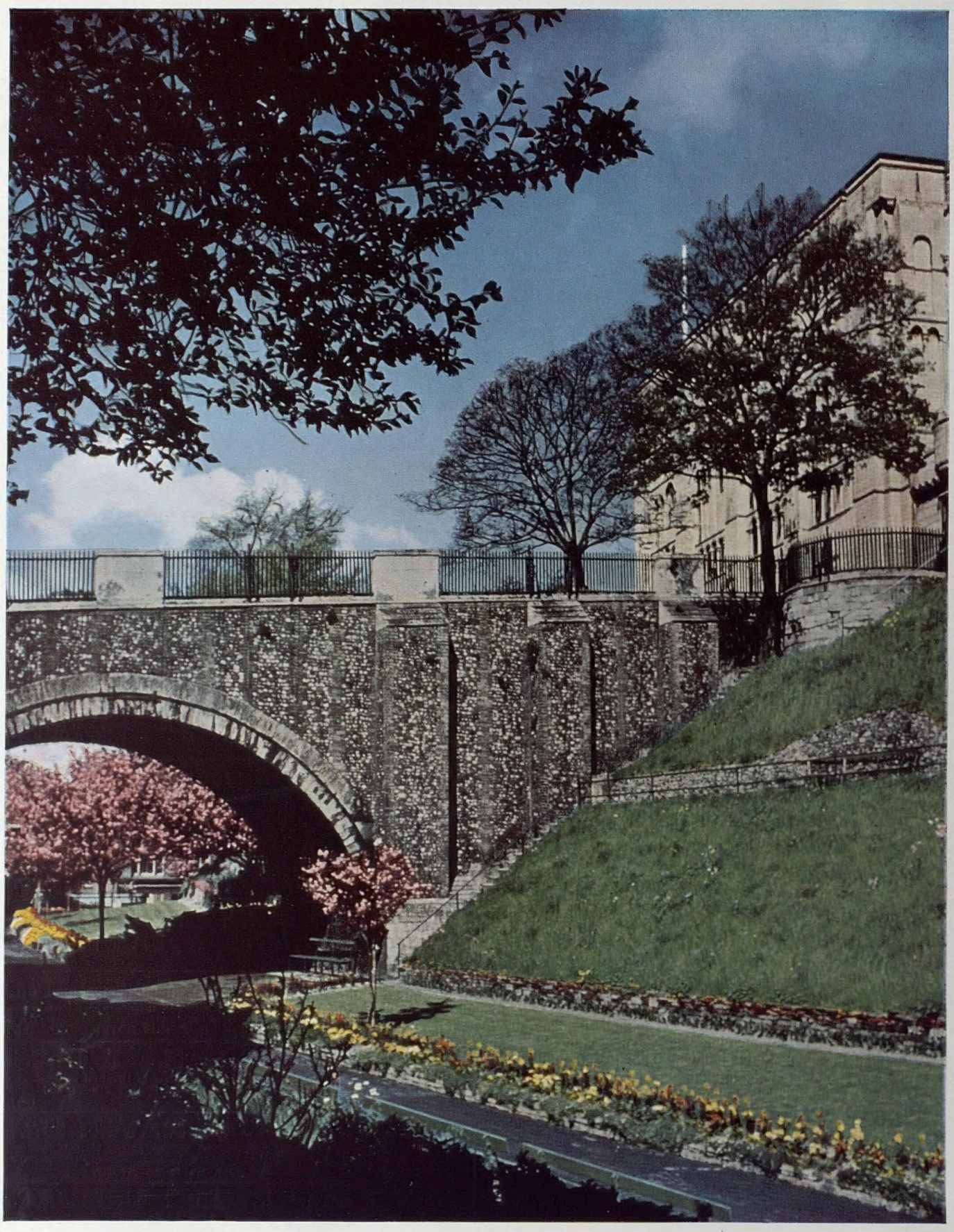

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